

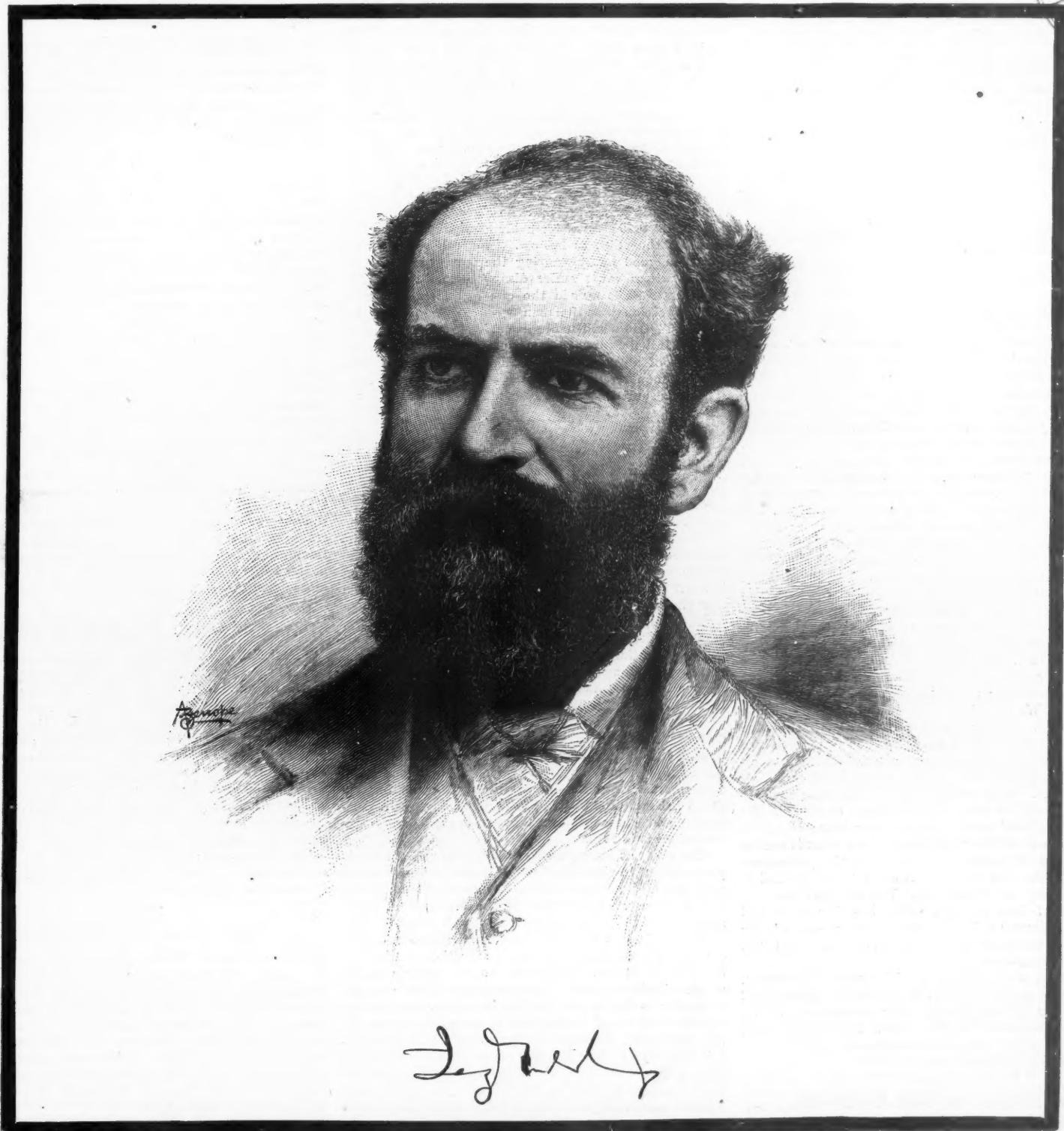
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1892.

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THE LATE JAY GOULD.

DIED IN NEW YORK, DEC. 2, 1892.



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JULIUS CHAMBERS

EDITOR

CONFIDENCE MUST BE RESTORED.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. SPRINGER, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, has declared for a special session of Congress. It is to be hoped he speaks upon an intimation from the President-elect. The unsettled condition of the finances of this country is due to a widespread fear that the Democrats are about to tamper disastrously with the tariff. It is a gratuitous assumption. As a matter of fact, Mr. CLEVELAND himself—and he is certainly a greater power than any man in his party—has pronounced against free trade on several memorable occasions. The people of this country cannot have forgotten how firm was the stand he took regarding the tariff plank during the Chicago Convention. The MILLS and HURDS do not dominate the Democratic Congresses of to-day. MILLS has been translated to the obscurity of the Senate, and HURD has gone back to the woods. Therefore, a temperate and conservative course regarding tariff modification will unquestionably be pursued.

First of all, the McKinley Bill, which has just caused the overthrow of the Republican party, must be so far modified as to lengthen the list of free raw materials. We have become the manufacturing people of the world. Let us recognize the fact that it is far more profitable for us to make up the raw materials of the rest of the world and to return them in manufactured goods, than to bar out the products of earth, air and sunshine. Stop immigration, but increase our supply of material to keep our workmen employed. No more "half-time" merely because our home supply is exhausted, and we are "protected" from what is needed to keep the mills running. Labor is the paramount factor in this land to-day! It must be recognized at every step by our legislators. The era of Timocracy has passed! The earnest, sober laboring man and woman no longer belong to "the poorer classes." He and she are rich in their art, and the recognition of that fact has come at last.

Therefore, we say that a special session of Congress, beginning at twelve o'clock, March 4th, is imperative! The country is undoubtedly very prosperous, but its people are uncertain of that fact. First of all, then, confidence; after that, courage and—forward!

We have only begun to grow!

TO HOLD, OR NOT TO HOLD.

THE joke is on the politician of the successful party, from the fact that the President-elect having turned his back upon him and gone off hunting. Worse than this, the President elect proposes to keep himself pretty well out of public view until after March 4th. The office-seeker was plainly told in a letter from Mr. CLEVELAND that his case will only be injured by presenting it before that time. We think, however, that this course on the part of Mr. CLEVELAND will be money in the pocket of a great many individuals. There certainly will not be offices enough to go round, and to

keep a great many men on the anxious seat for months, when there is only a chance for a few of them, after all, is a species of refined cruelty in which Mr. CLEVELAND will not indulge. We have no reason to infer that the rank and file of those holding unimportant positions will be turned out. An office that pertains in any way to the policy of the administration must have an incumbent in sympathy with it; but there are only a comparative few of this nature. On a change of administration in Great Britain, it is said that only about twenty changes of office-holders are made by appointment. It was characteristic of Mr. CLEVELAND during the term already held by him to make his appointments very slowly, and not to make nearly as many as desired. He is now in a more independent position than he was then; he is not under obligation to anyone for his office, and he certainly has no expectation of taking the place again, although it would be entirely fitting for him to be elected to, and serve in, the House or Senate. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS served seventeen years in the House after retiring from the Presidency. JAMES MONROE was not above becoming a justice of the peace, in Virginia, after having been President for two terms.

Mr. CLEVELAND is in a position of absolute independence, and has no occasion to make any revelation of his policy, if he has anything special of the kind, until he is called upon to act. There is consequently likely to be a great dearth of rumors for the next three or four months regarding who will fill the various positions. We can rest our souls in patience that the next President will do just about as he chooses and thinks best to do when the proper time comes, and that it is going to be very uphill work to anticipate him. A vast amount of energy and expense in seeking after office in the next few months is sure to be saved.

THE gentleman who wants an office is generally supposed not to be very agreeable company to the one who has the office to bestow. This can be accounted for by a good many wanting the same office, all but one of whom must suffer disappointment. But Mr. CLEVELAND's *bête noir* in the case of callers during his administration was the man who called to "pay his respects." He who has been elected to the Presidency of the United States has no special need to have the respects of any citizen specially tendered him. But when a man wants an office, as Mr. CLEVELAND said, "there is something to talk about."

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE International Monetary Conference, at Brussels, that had its first meeting November 22d, has already thoroughly arrested the attention of the world.

The problem before it is one of the greatest that has ever confronted any body of men; it pertains to the commercial welfare of all the people of the earth, and in itself is evidence of the high degree of civilization that the world has reached.

The United States is the source of the conference, having invited the other nations to participate in it, and having afforded the subject—viz: to attempt some means of holding silver in use as money throughout the world, and establishing a parity for it with gold that will be universally accepted.

That the leading countries are not friendly to the first of these propositions, and are indifferent to the second one, is established by the fact that none of the European nations use silver as a legal tender except in small amounts—forty shillings, for instance, in Great Britain. The United States, after having demonetized silver for considerable sums in 1873, again remonetized it in 1879.

The point at issue, substantially, is to get the European nations to abandon their position of an exclusively gold standard, accept a double standard, or bimetalism, and establish an agreement of the amounts of silver and gold that shall be equivalent to each other.

The subject is beset with an embarrassment at the outset, on account of the large production of silver by the United States, giving rise to the feeling of the people of other countries that the object of this country is largely to find a market for its silver, and that its attitude in favor of bimetalism is secondary to it. On the other hand, it is universally admitted that if a great depreciation of silver should occur on account of the United States abandoning its present attitude toward it, and letting it come on the market as a purely commercial commodity, its fall in price would be fraught with dire consequences throughout the world.

The readiness with which a proposition has been brought forward, in some measure favoring the position taken by the United States representatives, and said to be quite satisfactory to them, has taken this country very considerably by surprise. It emanates from the British members of the conference, through Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. It is to the effect that the United States should continue its present purchases of silver, and the European powers should combine to buy an amount yearly of the value of \$25,000,000 for five

years. This would go on concurrently with the purchase by our government of 54,000,000 ounces yearly, or a total of 270,000,000 ounces, the amounts purchased by Europe at the same time being 30,000,000 ounces per year, a total of 150,000,000 ounces. If the price rises, Europe is not to be under obligations to purchase at or above 43d. per ounce.

If this measure should be adopted, the effect would be for the SHERMAN law to stand as it now is for a further term of five years, and whether or not the price of silver went above 43d. per ounce, which is about 3 1-2d. per ounce higher than it now stands, our government would be committed to taking \$225,000,000 worth of silver off the market during the five years.

The period ahead is a short one to look forward to where the matter concerned is of so great import, and during this time it is not working out toward an ultimate solution. For this amount of silver the government would have to give its bonds redeemable in gold, and as we are working toward a lower and lower margin of gold in the Treasury, we might have to resort to extraordinary means, as the creation of a new debt by the issue of more bonds to keep the government in a position to fulfill its obligations.

THE MONEY OF THE FUTURE.

THE national debt will soon be paid, and present national bank circulation must be retired. There are two methods in sight whereby this currency may be replaced by one equally good. One is by chartering State banks, whose notes shall be declared legal tender, after such regulations shall have been complied with as will make said notes perfectly safe. The question is: Is it possible to enact and enforce such regulations? If these notes are to be merely State bank notes, it is to be feared they will not stand high among the so-called "money of the world"; while we in this country may feel perfectly safe in the possession of Dakota, Wyoming, Indiana, Texas or New York State bank notes issued by banking corporations known at home to be conservative, ably managed and within the requirements of rigid banking laws, it is doubtful, to say the least, whether even the best of them will inspire that confidence abroad which is now enjoyed by our national bank currency.

The second method of replacing our present national bank circulation is very simple: let us replace our national debt with bonds bearing no interest. State banking institutions can buy these bonds and deposit, as now, one hundred thousand dollars' worth of them for every ninety thousand of circulation, in the federal treasury. Then State banks will be national banks.

What will we issue the bonds for? Why, simply for the purpose of giving the United States practical ownership of all the banks—to acquire, and pay for, a national, uniform currency that will be money everywhere in the world. Were bonds ever issued for a better or more constitutional purpose?

A MESSAGE FROM THE STARS.

A METEORITE weighing ten tons was found imbedded in the soil near New Castle, Col., about nine o'clock on the morning of November 29th. It was very warm, when touched by wondering fingers, and bore other evidences of having had a fast journey through space. It was lying very still, also, when found; and showed no disposition to leave its bed when called on by curious visitors. It was the only stellar specimen of its kind to be found in the neighborhood of New Castle. Nobody saw it fall; but the warm and restful condition of the meteorite when found should satisfy all real scientists that it had come a long distance and was very tired—that in point of fact it was and is, in the purview of real science, a chunk of BIELA'S comet. Welcome, O Chunk, to New Castle.

THE OLD CHANCELLOR.

THE emperor of Germany seems to be having a good time. His health is excellent, he is uniformly in good humor, and his favorite pastime, the chase, beguiles the hours which he snatches in great number from the cares of State. Chancellor CAPRIVI, who is in very poor health, is bearing the burden and responsibility of the Army Bill. These truly great Teutons—and CAPRIVI, it must be admitted, is one of them—are very kind to their kaisers. No doubt they love them for the sake of Fatherland.

It looks cruel to American eyes to see the robust, sport-loving young emperor throw all the responsibility of such a measure as the Army Bill upon the feeble, overworked and patriotic CAPRIVI, who appeared in the Reichstag the other day and spoke in a feeble voice, leaning on a big sword. But we will honor CAPRIVI all the same, because he loves his country. Would American lovers of fair play be asking too much of the New York Herald, if they insisted that the old and feeble chancellor ought to suffer less from that journal's continual nagging? Give the old chancellor a chance.

AT A VENTURE.

NEARLY everybody is mentally constructing a cabinet for Mr. CLEVELAND, and we cannot see any reason why our readers should not take a hand in the fun. Republicans are quite as much interested in the matter as Democrats, and there need not be any awakening of political issues.

We shall print a blank next week in which our readers may fill out the names, after which let them mail the slip to us as their guess. Competition will close at twelve o'clock noon of January 15th. To the person who gets the names nearest right ONCE A WEEK will present, when the cabinet is officially announced (after March 4th), twenty-five dollars in gold. The terms will be stated next week. Meanwhile, here is the cabinet as ONCE A WEEK thinks it ought to be:

Secretary of State: E. H. Phelps, of New Hampshire.
Secretary of the Treasury: Samuel D. Babcock, of New York.
Secretary of War: General Gordon, of Georgia.
Secretary of the Navy: William E. Russell, of Massachusetts.
Secretary of the Interior: Robert E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania.
Attorney-General: Frederick R. Coudert, of New York.
Postmaster-General: William F. Harrity, of Pennsylvania.
Commissioner of Agriculture: Horace C. Boies, of Iowa.

Of course, we recognize the fitness of ex-Secretary FAIRCHILD for the Treasury portfolio, but think Mr. BABCOCK, the long-while president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, pre-eminent eligible.

"JAY GOULD is dead!" What a world of meaning in those words to every man who forms part of the financial estate.

WE second the suggestion of *The Illustrated American*. By all means, let Mr. BENJAMIN HARRISON come to New York and open a law office. The people of this city will take him to their hearts. The ties that bound him to Indianapolis are gone.

APROPOS of the projected afternoon journal about which so much is said, we wish to suggest that it requires more money and patience to start a newspaper than to cure a giraffe of a sore throat, and in adopting this simile we exhaust the whole zoological garden.

TWO FRIENDS just back from Japan write to inform us that in the land of the Chrysanthemum ONCE A WEEK was the only American journal that they found in the cities of the interior. At the English club, in Yokohama, they found ONCE A WEEK and *Life*, and no other illustrated weeklies from the United States.

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT BAKER, of Savannah, objects to Arbor Day as a school holiday on the ground that we have too many such days already for the good of the schools, and that Savannah has all the trees she needs. Why not let Savannah pupils observe the day by holding basket picnics—which would make it a real Arbor Day?

THE PANAMA CANAL SCANDAL.

THE Panama Canal Company has been one of the sensations of this generation. It lapsed from public attention when it went into liquidation, March 15, 1889, but it is revived now in a very acute form by the investigation to be made of it by the French Chamber of Deputies.

The enterprise to cut a canal across the Isthmus of Panama has always been of great interest to the United States, because, aside from it being an affair of commerce, it has a relation to the Monroe Doctrine, which is of the nature of an unwritten part of our federal constitution. The scheme is so colossal, and having a bearing upon the welfare of nations, that it might easily come under the influence or control of some European nation, which is a thing that, according to the principle just laid down, the United States could not brook.

The United States, less than any great power, possesses the spirit of colonization, or of interesting itself intimately with affairs on territory not already its own. To adjacent countries we pay scarcely any attention, either in getting control of or a foothold upon them, while the European nations seek the uttermost ends of the earth as places to plant their flags and assert their authority. France, under De Lesseps, was the prime mover in the construction of the Suez Canal, which has proved one of the most successful enterprises of modern times; but when, under the confusion that has so frequently overtaken that country, it was desirable to get rid of the shares representing its ownership, the government of England, under the premiership of Disraeli, was a ready purchaser. There is no doubt that European governments would like to plant their standards at Colon and at Panama, by investments if not by actual possession of the soil, if the inherited policy of the United States would permit.

The French company obtained a charter from the United States of Colombia, and, with the prestige of the Suez Canal making him one of the most honored men in France, De Lesseps obtained from the French people the sums which, to all appearances, have been squandered in the most hair-brained enterprise of this century. It suffers no mean comparison for delusion and madness with

the South Sea Bubble and the Mississippi Scheme of the early part of the last century. The amount of deception and fraud that has been practiced will be pretty fully brought to the surface by the committee of investigation of the French Chamber of Deputies, and which has already led, on a minor point connected with it, to the resignation of all the portfolios of the French cabinet. The Chamber, in taking the stand which has led to this act, shows the spirit with which it is actuated, and its committee of thirty-three is not likely to stop at half-measures, nor permit glossing over for the benefit of anybody. Whether M. de Lesseps has been a deluder or deluded will probably be shown in the investigation, although his infirmities and extreme age of eighty-seven are not likely to make him much more of a factor in it than concerns his name. The investigation has already brought out the fact that sixteen million six hundred thousand dollars were spent for "advertising," of which four million two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars went to the newspapers. The sums handled have been very extraordinary: The enterprise commenced in 1881. The amount required to carry it through to completion, which was to come in 1889, was not to exceed one hundred and twenty million dollars. The stockings of the peasantry of France, their favorite hoarding-place, were placed at the call of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and the required sum was soon forthcoming. This sum had been expended by 1883, and additional calls were honored. Finally, by 1889, two hundred and eighty million dollars had been expended in cash and credit. A French lottery, under the auspices of the government, failed to help the movement further along.

It was estimated by the chief engineer of the company at this time that ninety million dollars more would be required to complete the work, and eight or nine years. Besides this, their engineering skill did not tell them what they would do with a mountain that had been partly cut through, and one side of which showed a constant movement in pushing itself into the canal. Another unprovided for embarrassment was the Chagres River, that would run parallel with the canal a good portion of the forty-six miles of the latter, and that during the rainy season swells to a breadth of fifteen hundred feet and a depth of twenty-eight feet.

It reminds Americans of their own "Credit Mobilier" and Oakes Ames's little book, and thus Americans can sympathize with the French people, in view of the Panama Canal scandal and its promised outcrop of damaged reputations and disillusionized peasantry.

For, while it will be the deputies and the Paris journalists whose characters will be smirched, it is Jean and Pierre, in *sabots*, who are pinching and starving themselves and their wives and little ones because of the francs they abstracted from the family stocking years ago to put into Panama "shares" and will never see again. Hundreds upon hundreds of millions of francs were sunk in the "big ditch" before ever its bottomless character was suspected. Poor old De Lesseps went into the scheme in 1879, and now, infirm and heartbroken, mourns the hour when he permitted himself to be associated with an undertaking which he now knows has been made the shuttlecock of characterless financiers and the bane and curse of a million honest investors. But no one has a harsh or disrespectful thought or word for De Lesseps.

The mixing up of the French Government, the French people and the *tiers état* with the Panama Canal frauds promises to present one of the most astounding instances of malversation in history. In French history the memory goes back to the official treachery which lost Napoleon III. his empire and laid France under the heel of Germany; to the rascalities of M. Wilson, who peddled the Legion of Honor and gained the reputation of a bribe-taker, while the notorious Mme. Ratazzi figured as his go-between; to the Grand Lottery scheme, by which it was finally sought to wheedle new hundreds of millions out of the gullible French peasantry, with which to feed the insatiable maw of the Panama Canal. And that brings us to the latest phase of this wholly disreputable "plant," and the disclosures in the Chamber of Deputies which proved at last sufficient to overturn a ministry, and even threaten the existence of the republic.

And now the royalists—so lately crushed out of political existence—raise their heads again and cry out: "Oh, for an hour of Boulanger!" Truly the "brav' General" died all too soon for his own ambition and the hopes of his followers.

That the ousting of a French ministry should have turned on a resurrectionist theme is not the least marvelous nor the least French of the disclosures of this new Diabolo Boiteux, not less observant and far more cruel than he of Le Sage's invention. Yet it was on the question of the exhuming of the body of the Baron de Reinach for autopsy, couched in the euphemistic form of a harmless resolution, that the French cabinet went out. This Baron de Reinach was a financier of enormous wealth, a prince of society whose salon was frequented by the best people in Europe, an amateur musician of real ability—he was composing the ballet for an opera just before he died—but his name was badly involved with the Panama scandal. Finding that papers of a nature to surely compromise him were in the hands of his enemies, he died; rumor said he committed suicide, and hence the popular demand that his remains should be submitted to an autopsy. He left fifteen million dollars behind him in various securities, and hardly was he under ground when these securities were thrown upon the market and realized upon hurriedly.

Whatever the connection of De Reinach with the canal swindle, it is certain that names still more prominent have been badly smirched by it. M. Jules Delahaye charged openly in the Chamber that six hundred thousand dollars was distributed among one hundred and fifty deputies and a few senators at one time—and other hundreds of thousands afterward placed in a similar manner. "A

minister now dead," said M. Delahaye, "received eighty thousand dollars; one newspaper was subsidized with fifty thousand dollars and another with twice as much;" and then the uproar in the Chamber "begged description." Honorable members howled and shook their fists at each other and exchanged epithets of "thief" and "bandit" with gay license; three duels were determined upon then and there (and afterward amicably settled "out of court"). Altogether the scene was described as the most revolutionary since the days of the "Convention" and the wild *ouragan* which had Anacharsis Clootz, Egalite, St. Just and Robespierre for its elements. And at the close of this bear-garden session, with that sang-froid that is so charming a manifestation of French versatility, Paul de Cassagnac (who is nothing if not peaceful) rose and moved a resolution of glorification for the French honor as held aloft in recent victories in Dahomey. And the resolution was adopted nem con., and the deputies swarmed out of the Chamber and across the Seine to the cafés, there to devise ways and means for avoiding the impending crash.

According to M. Delahaye, the main charge is that when De Lesseps, in 1890, was honestly trying to obtain subscriptions for his canal stock, the directors of the company planned an issue of lottery bonds, and with the money thus obtained bribed the deputies and the newspapers to use their position and influence in the interest of the company. All ordinary lobbying sinks into insignificance before the colossal grandeur of the system of bribery and corruption which was devised and carried out for the benefit of the canal jobbers. The scaliest characters were brought into the business and used as tools and agents to implicate supposedly honest and decent men; and, as is believed, successfully.

The committee of thirty-three appointed by the Chamber to investigate the whole nauseous subject is said to possess powers which are dangerous to the republic: that they will make full use of all the powers they have is to be devoutly wished. Through no other course can France hope to recover from the load of obloquy which has been piled upon her shoulders. That the occasion should be employed as a weapon against the republic is natural, though ridiculous. Corruption existed in France in every reign from that of Louis XIV. down; and our own experience should teach everybody that a republic cannot hope to escape either its existence or its stigma. What a republic can do, and what France doubtless will do, is to probe the affair to the bottom, unearth the conspirators and "let no guilty man escape."

De Lesseps desired, in 1881, that our government should take an interest in it in the way of helping it along. But with fortunate acumen we declined. The Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department was able to show at once the inconsiderable business that would come to it in proportion to the enormous outlay required.

The canal company acquired the railroad crossing the Isthmus, and which is a very important factor in the commerce between our Atlantic and Pacific States. A treaty is held by our government with the United States of Colombia concerning this railroad, and our transportation over it does not interfere with what we call our coastwise trade, and which is only permitted by our navigation laws in vessels of United States register. The present managers of the railroad seem to ignore [this relation of our government to it, which, if carried out, would make the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific States by the Isthmus international.

All these facts tend to bring into renewed prominence the Nicaragua Ship Canal, a purely American enterprise, and which presents the only feasible means of connecting the two oceans. Its entire expense is estimated at less than one hundred million dollars.

NEW DEPARTURE IN FICTION.

HUMAN NATURE'S HIGHER POSSIBILITIES TRUTHFULLY PORTRAYED IN "PETRONELLA DARCY," BY THEODORA CORRIE.

READERS of ONCE A WEEK and Library will find in "Petronella Darcy" a novel of remarkable power. We know of no work of modern fiction with which it can be compared; unless, indeed, we compare it with Hardy's "Tess of the Durbervilles." In point of original suggestion, philosophic depth and faithful portrayal of the human heart and mind as they are, it is, if anything, superior to that gruesome account of poor humanity's depths of weakness, "Petronella Darcy," however, far exceeds Hardy's story in delicacy of touch, and in that calm, unsensational telling of the truth which is so refreshing in view of the straining for effect, overdrawing of wickedness and general mountain-laboring of so many modern novelists.

"Petronella Darcy" shows us human nature in its upward, not in its downward, tendencies; in its higher possibilities, not in its depths of degradation painful to behold. The heroine, who gives her name to the title, is made to stand before the reader, not sketched in words, but living and breathing and moving in her actions. From a sunny though motherless childhood, Petronella grows before our eyes to be the most lovable, as she is surely one of the truest heroines, in modern fiction.

Godfrey Mordaunt, the hero, suffers from the injustice of a dishonest brother, faces the world alone and triumphs finally—not through impossible happenings, but by reason of a patience, an adherence to principle and a strength of will power that naturally and inevitably win the battle for him.

We assure the reader that, though injustice and some tragedy are to be found portrayed in this charming story, yet sunshine prevails. "Petronella Darcy" will be Nos. 10, 11 and 12, Vol. X.



THE YALE FOOTBALL TEAM AND SUBSTITUTES.

1. McCrea.
6. Hickok.
8. Beard.
12. Greenway.

13. Stillman.
14. Graves.
15. Hinkley.
16. Butterworth.

17. Messier.
18. C. D. Bliss.
19. Cross.
20. Adee.

21. Wallis.
22. Trainer.
24. L. T. Bliss.
25. Winter.

26. McCormick.
28. Norton.
29. Dyer.

ATHLETICS AND STUDY.

DR. J. WILLIAM WHITE, a University of Pennsylvania lecturer, recently devoted the hour set apart for his clinic to a talk to the medical students on the subject of athletics in general and football in particular, with special treatment of the proper diagnosis of the injuries received on a football field. He devoted a great portion of his time to proving that these injuries are in no way permanent and not necessarily dangerous, substantiating his statements by the statistics of the injuries at Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania. The doctor showed the benefits of well-directed exercise by going back to early historic times, and reminding the class of the well-regulated gymnasiums of the Greeks and Spartans, which were under the supervision of physicians. The duties of these directors went so far that no one was allowed to marry who was not pronounced physically fit to propagate the race, the result being a strong and beautiful class of people. Leading men in all departments of life are striking illustrations of the influence of exercise over the powers and capabilities of the mind.



KICKING A GOAL.



A TACKLE THAT MEANS A FALL.



HOW PLAYERS GET HURT.

The principal objections that the doctor had to meet in championing the cause of college football were:

1. That it was contended by some that athletics were inconsistent with thorough scholarship.
2. That so many injuries were received that participation in the game is rendered highly dangerous.

The first objection was met by the college records, which showed that the athletes held a greater percentage of college honors than any other class of students, and the second by reading letters from Harvard and Princeton, showing that while wrenched knees, wrists and ankles were not infrequent during the Fall, still there was no record of any permanent and serious injury ever sustained at either institution by a football player. The letters were from the physician directors of these institutions, and were written at the personal solicitation of Dr. White.

To illustrate how free from serious mishaps Pennsylvania has been the doctor devoted his attention to the members of the football team who were on hand, at the doctor's request, for

physical examination. Captain Schoff, Knipe, Martin, Otto Wagonhurst and Woodruff were there with lame knees; Oliver and Simmons with fingers still swollen from former dislocations; Vail and Mackey with lame shoulders; Camp with a sore hip, and Reese with a bad ear.

The doctor examined each with a great deal of care, showing the class how to properly diagnose each case, with the proper treatment in each particular, and

proved how trivial was the worst case by the fact that not a man was in any way permanently injured.

"I never," said the doctor, "neglect an opportunity to defend this great game of football, so conducive to health and so beneficial to the players in every way. It makes a man of them in every respect, develops courage, endurance and every characteristic that goes to make a truly symmetrical man."

Portraits of the members of the Yale and Princeton



THE PRINCETON FOOTBALL TEAM AND SUBSTITUTES.

1. Fiscus.
2. Taylor.
3. Hall.
4. Beveridge.

5. Flint.
6. McCauley.
7. Lea.
8. Balliet.

9. Holly.
10. Wheeler.
11. Captain King.
12. Irvine.

13. Vincent.
14. Anderson.
15. Morse.
16. Homans.

17. James.
18. Trenchard.
19. Barnett.
20. Poe.

teams, unavoidably crowded out of last week's issue, are here printed.

ON A MARGIN.

So," said Gabriel, halting the last arrival and eying him suspiciously, previous to giving him his check for Golden Harp No. Seven Quintillion, "so you are here at last, eh?"

"I am," said the Man Who Saved The Country, bowing. Gabriel thumbed the record.

"You helped run things, eh?"

"I did."

"You helped make wise and just laws?"

"I never took 'boodle' in my life, sir."

"You built the county poorhouse?" said Gabe, suspiciously.

"Well," faltered the Man Who Saved The Country, "all I got on the deal was a rake off on the plumbing bills; the rest of the gang took most of the swag."

"You aided widows and orphans?"

"I did."

"Well," said Gabriel, as he musingly flecked a bit of solid gold dust off the wings, "you have a fair record, considering your life and temptations. Now, then, the final test—are you ready?"

"I am," said the ex-alderman, proudly.

"Did you love your enemies?"

The applicant hung his head. A deep silence fell, in the midst of which the golden oranges could be heard dropping in the golden grass, just inside the golden fence.

"Gabriel," said the man, at last, "it's just like this: you see, you never have been down on earth, and don't know the peculiar circumstances that hedge us mortals. There's no use talking, Gabe, a man can't love his enemies and stay in politics!"

"Pass in," said the head trumpeter, meekly.

THE MINOR CHORDS.

Through all the year, in every clime
And every kind of weather,
Where roses wreath themselves in rhyme
Or poets praise the heather;
When Homer's measures grandly rolled
Or Sappho sang so sweetly,
When Byron's verse rose strong and bold,
Or Burns won hearts completely;
Wherever from the human heart
A song has risen purely,
From love of singing or of Art,
There has been touched most surely
A deeper chord, a finer strain
Of universal meaning,
As sweet as flowers after rain
To lovers o'er them leaning.
It is the sound of Shandon bells
That ring when day is dying;
Its sweetest music ever wells
When tender maids are sighing,
Or lovers singing in the night
When June is crowned with roses,
Wherever Love is in his might
Or Art her face discloses.
When o'er his desk the writer bends,
When out her lattice leaning
The loving lady gently sends
A token of Love's meaning,
A breath of purer, better life
Is given to the world,
And Evil's armies cease from strife,
Their crimson banners furled.
Then Beauty grows apace, and Peace
Smiles sweeter, while the air
Is clearer—sorrow ceases,
And Love has conquered Care.—JAMES RUSSELL.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

THE Christmas holiday season is the opportunity of the professional or amateur thief. It is not alone that there is more to steal—but there are more chances for theft. The private residences are flooded with valuable gifts, very many of them occupying but little space, and these offer a special temptation to the burglar and the sneak-thief. Then, too, the family plate is in from the Safe Deposit Company, and the burglar is thoroughly well informed of the fact, as he is also of the more costly purchases made by the different members of the household and concerning the family habits with regard to care or carelessness in bestowing valuables when there is no one by to guard them. At the Christmas season, too, much less care than usual is exercised, as everybody is intent on scenes for purchasing presents, everybody is out shopping, and the watchfulness of domestic servants is greatly relaxed, even of the best.

In the shops, while there is far more exposure of fine goods than at other times, these are under closer and more skilled protection and guardianship at the Christmas period than at any other. Not only are many more clerks, "salesladies" and "walkers" employed then than during the rest of the year, but private detectives also find their harvest at this season, as all the large establishments patronize them freely. It is a fact, though, that in large cities there is more "shoplifting" and "kleptomania" about then than at any other time in the year. The mere sight of the display of tempting wares stirs the cupidity and acquisitiveness, both of the professional and the amateur thief, and the daring and audacity displayed by these folk are appalling.

In the holiday season, also, the police will tell you the "crooks" assemble in the large cities in great numbers, and, either together or singly, do a thriving business. Many of those whose portraits are to be found in the "Rogue's Gallery," in the detective department of police headquarters in Mulberry street, New York, may be seen promenading the leading thoroughfares—and are "spotted" and "warned" by the detectives who recognize them; and it is the same in the other principal cities throughout the country. They are not the ones, however, who proceed to their work on the lines exhibited in our illustration. The man who breaks the plate-glass window of a jewelry store and seizes watches, diamonds, or whatever else he can grasp in a hurry and make off with, is more likely to be one driven to desperation by starvation, homelessness, or a rage of greed for the valuables he sees so nearly within his grasp. Not always, by any means, is he "caught in the act," for such a one has usually the cunning of his madness, and the opportunity is chosen when the chance for escape is fairly good. It is a case of short thrift for him, though, if the minion of the law happens to be within sight and gets his hands on him.

LEGISLATIVE LIMITATIONS.

THE competency or incompetency of Congress to deal with public affairs is one of the pressing questions of the hour. It would be an ideal system of government to elect members of legislative bodies from the ablest citizens, and have them act in the making and revision of laws with the one purpose in view of securing the best results for the entire people. But we are so far from this ideal that it is hopeless to expect to attain it, and all that we can really achieve is an enduring approximation. Such an approximation is the harder to bear inasmuch as it is easy to see that with a slight change things might be vastly better. The nearness of this is the crucial test of good or bad government.

The more there is departure from independence of action on the part of legislative representatives the more they become parts of a machine, regulated from some source in part visible, but sure to have some object in view less broad than the interest of that for which the legislative body stands. In general, two parties divide Congress and our State Legislatures into hostile camps, each more intent on securing the injury of its opponent than the welfare of the people that both should represent. If it were true that the legislative combat was for ideas, for policies, we might endure a strife, bitter as it is frequently made; but the ideas and policies are apt to be a mere cloak for purely personal and selfish ends.

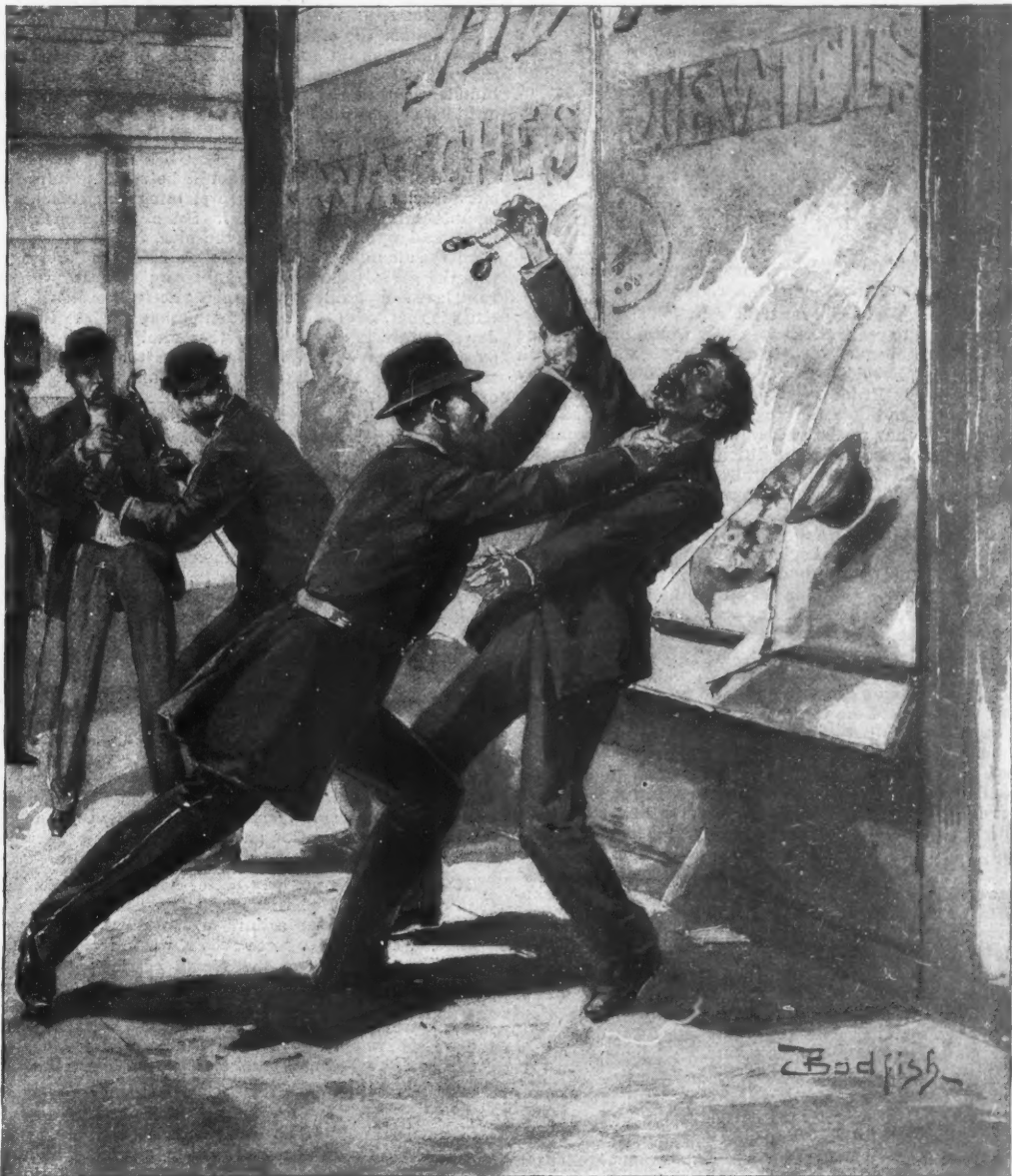
It is a new announcement in the art of politics, made by ex-Speaker Reed, that parties do not exist for principles, but that principles exist for parties. Of much the same character is his statement that the House of Representatives is not a deliberative body. The latter statement puts a Congressman about on the same plane of dignity as a notch on a stick or a white or black ball thrust into a ballot-box. A few men in Congress that interpret for their fellow-members their duties and relations to the party have the honor of responsible action—the rest merely stand up to be counted. It takes a good many years of service in Congress to get this relation to the party. In recent years it has been possessed, on the Democratic side, by Samuel J. Randall, Roger Q. Mills, J. G. Carlisle and W. G. Morrison; on the Republican side, by Thomas B. Reed, William McKinley, Frank Hiscock and William D. Kelley. The average member of the House is a nonentity. He is a big man back in his district very likely; he covets the distinction from the district, and, perhaps, family standpoint of being a Congressman, and he gets the position. He goes down to Washington, breathes bad air for many hours of the day, and sometimes night, for months, perhaps destroys his health, has to be on hand to be counted when the vote comes and is supposed to do a good deal of committee work, which, however, he can shirk. He becomes lost in the crowd. What was an honor in his district is no particular honor in Washington. He has no really pressing and interesting duties to perform. He may be bored to

death by correspondence and calls for offices, pensions, etc. Practically he can put his finger on no work of importance that he accomplished. The man of large affairs at home is utterly lost in the trifling duties he has to go through. He is very much on the plane of the schoolboy and of the "hired" man. The important functions are served by a few, lifted into prominence by long service or by some exceptional circumstance independent of themselves. Men of very active and important careers at home, like the late William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, and S. V. White, of New York, to cite a couple of in-

AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

THE dread of a large amount of gold being shipped from this country to Europe has been one of the principal influences which have held speculation in check. Other elements of a disturbing character have been the uncertainty as to the outcome of the Brussels conference and the fear that Congress may do something, at its present session, detrimental to investment interests.

An outward gold movement at this season is unnatural, but in the face of present conditions it is readily explained. Without going into details, it may be stated



A THIEF OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

stances, are of no special use, and are generally glad to quit at the end of one term.

In the Senate there is more room for individuality. Honor is to be derived from the position; a member is more or less in the eye of some portion of the public; there are less minute exactions in the performance of duties, and there is some scope for an average member to identify himself with, or add something to, the elucidation of a public question. The popular description of the Senate, that "it is the best club in the world," is, no doubt, fairly accurate.

The fact is, however, that no legislative body in this country is a battleground for great political ideas. In the rush and swirl of political evolution the page of the periodical is to-day the place where the foe contend, and it is here that people receive the most of their political education. The legislative representative votes as the people who gave him his office desire him to vote. It is said of the British House of Commons that there is no record of a vote ever having been changed by a speech.

Goldwin Smith has said: "Parliaments are losing much of their importance, because the real deliberation is being transferred by them to the press and the general organs of discussion. If monarchy is primeval, parliaments are the offspring of the Middle Ages, and for them, too, the sand in the hourglass of history runs."

With public questions pressing upon the old and the newly elected Congress, the impotence which adheres in all parliamentary governing bodies the world over will stand in the way of results greatly needed, and at best we can only look for an occasional crumb of badly needed legislation, slowly doled out.

THE "Breakers," Cornelius Vanderbilt's cottage at Newport, was destroyed by fire recently; but most of the valuable jewelry was saved. The wine-cellar was robbed. When asked about it, the servants said the wine was all right. No doubt those who sampled it after the robbery found it so.

in a word that we have been buying more goods than we have been selling, and that consequently we must pay the difference in cash—cash in international transactions meaning gold. That condition of itself should not be alarming, because if our importers have bought heavily, it is to be supposed that they have reasonable assurance that they will be able to sell their goods at a fair profit. But the gold shipments cause uneasiness because there are influential people who profess to believe that America is parting with the yellow metal in consequence of her mistaken policy regarding silver. The continued output of silver currency, they allege, is driving the gold money out of the country.

The large majority of people now admit that the policy of buying four and a half million ounces of silver bullion a month to be stored in the government vaults at Washington, where it lies not only unproductive but always as an element of danger to the value of silver, is a mistake which needs immediate correction. For that reason much surprise has been expressed at the attitude of the American representative attending the Brussels conference over the Rothschilds' proposition that the American policy should be continued and that the European governments should augment it by purchasing twenty-five million dollars of bullion a year for five years. What would happen at the end of the five years? Would there not be an immense mass of silver awaiting a market and a dread that it might be thrown upon the market at any moment? Besides, there is no assurance that the additional purchase of twenty-five million dollars' worth of silver a year would improve the situation to any appreciable interest. If it would, the American government could, without the aid of foreigners, readily carry out the scheme.

The silver question has not been solved yet and it won't be, probably, for some time. There is no more reason for the government buying silver than there is for its purchase of any other product of the soil, and when that fact is recognized the beginning of the end of the silver question will have been reached. There can be only one true measure of value, and gold is the most convenient. We can't measure our purchases with a yard-stick thirty-six inches long and sell them with one of thirty inches.

MIDAS.

A WEEK OF THE WORLD.



"A LONG TRAMP IN JERSEY."

one attempts to "monkey with her."

Americans who have read their nation's history carefully enough to realize that we never would have become a free and independent people except by the aid of French soldiers and French money, should be sorry when any trouble befalls France, having first assured themselves that there is nothing they can do to help their ancient ally, though they can extract a large quantity of comfort out of a comparison of the political situation in the two countries. The French republic, a little more than twenty years old, is much stronger in some ways than we were at the same age; but the recent ministerial crisis has filled its hands with trouble. The Panama scandal, with which the mischief began, has placed many deputies and nearly all Paris editors under suspicion; the old cabinet might have fought the deputies out of their seats, but they couldn't injure the press in any way, for the Paris newspapers are the most venal in the world and never pretended to be anything else; they also are the most malignant and the most powerful, being able—should they have common cause to unite—to ruin successive cabinets every day of the year. Were a scandal like the canal affair to come to light in the United States, we could manage it; it might be a dirty job, but the newspapers could be depended upon to help; in the meantime, no one not a lunatic would talk of the government being a failure, or express a desire to give up the republic and try some older form of rule. Poor France, however, finds the canal incident, like everything else unusual, made an excuse for a concerted howl by several parties and factions which hate the republic and could destroy it did they not hate one another too intensely to unite and agree as to a division of the spoils. To add to the discomfort, any French cabinet knows that, in such circumstances, France's big and unloving neighbor across the Rhine is wild with joy, for what nation can think of seeking revenge abroad while it can't look after its home enemies? Heaven be praised anew that we Americans know but one form of government and haven't any big neighbors.

A great many people who have moral principles, and more or less railway stock, will follow with interest the course of the bill recently introduced in the Georgia Legislature to make "railway wrecking" a felony. The wrecking referred to is not that attempted by low scoundrels who put obstructions on tracks, but the work of greater villains in Wall Street and elsewhere who individually or collectively, in their capacity as officers and directors of corporations, so juggle with the property and management of their respective companies as to throw the roads into the hands of receivers, or anywhere else, for the sake of making rapid changes in stock valuations, through which the wreckers with their foreknowledge may profit. Railway wrecking is one of the most profitable businesses in the United States; finding a rich gold mine is mere child's play compared with it, and villainous though the operation is, it has not been below the moral standard of some prominent men who have posed as statesmen and philanthropists. Where such men lead, the whole gang of speculators are glad to follow, no matter how many honest and unsuspecting owners of the "securities" may suffer. Indeed the business has become so common as to appear proper, apparently, to those who engage in it; only a few years ago a prominent church pillar in New York complained, with an air of honest indignation, of a man who was doing his duty by maintaining the credit of a large and tempting railway company: "If he would only get out of the way," said the operator, "the road would go to smash, and all of us could make some money." To see such fellows in prison stripes would be to make a great many despairing souls believe that perhaps the millennium hasn't been sidetracked after all.

The Congressional Committee, which is looking into immigration with regard to its possible effect upon the spread of cholera when warm weather returns, has a big contract on hand and will be fortunate if it avoids some enormous blunders. To forbid immigration entirely for a year, as some authorities, mostly medical, advise, would either play the mischief with the steamship business or compel the ocean transportation companies to raise freight rates enormously in order to save themselves—a course the expense of which would fall upon every farmer and other person who is interested in the raw material which forms the bulk of our shipments to Europe, and upon everyone who consumes any of the goods which we receive in return. Unless Canada should follow our lead in excluding immigrants, some hundreds of Europeans would come over to the

Dominion and be smuggled across our border unless we establish a patrol several times as large as our regular army. Should these people bring infection with them, they could spread it from a thousand points, instead of having it closely looked for at two or three seaports. Even were exclusion successfully maintained, the loss of two or three hundred thousand possible new inhabitants, with the usual proportion of muscle and money, is not to be lightly contemplated. The perplexing pros and cons might be avoided entirely had we a national quarantine system in place of the makeshifts of the several States, but at present we have not even the germ of one, and there is too much politics in the business, as at present conducted, for some States to relinquish the offices and their income. What rigid quarantine can do toward stamping out infection was shown a few months ago in New York Harbor; the blunders and barbarities due to criminal lack of preparations should not blind anyone to the fact that a lot of infected ships came into port, yet the disease did not make its way to the shore.

In the meantime, there should be some prompt and stern discouragement of the complaining which has begun against immigration in general. Some addresses recently made and published convey the idea, to sections of the country seldom reached by the poorer class of foreigners, that the great mass of immigrants are rude, dirty, ignorant, lazy and clannish, beside being actively vicious. The truth is that, with the exception, perhaps, of the Russian Jews, the average quality of the immigrants is as good as ever it was—probably better, for the recent enactments against the admission of paupers, insane persons, criminals and persons without means of support have spared us many thousands a year of the beings who used to fill our prisons, poorhouses and other asylums. The bulk of the immigrants are people who want to better their condition and are willing and anxious to work; they are of the class that has done as much as the natives toward making us a rich and powerful nation. As they are human, there is some bad stuff among them; there was a sorry scoundrel even among the Twelve Apostles, but it could be matched by the descendants of some families who have been in the country for two centuries. Some of the newcomers may be clannish as long as they live, but their descendants will be Americans; the rapidity and thoroughness with which the older inhabitants, with their principles and impulses, assimilate the newer is noticeable everywhere, and nowhere more than in the city of New York, where the dregs of the immigrant ships are supposed to remain, yet where a change for the better can be seen as soon as their children are gathered into the schools. Sons of poor and simple immigrants are making honorable records as mayors of cities, governors of States and members of Congress. The man who opposes immigration on principle is doing something which will make his descendants ashamed of him.

If Britain does not pay better attention to the men than the material of her new navy, she will have to hire some American sailors to handle her big war-vessels. She has lost some good ships in recent months, and a few weeks ago the *Hove*, costing nearly two million pounds, was reduced to a few million pounds of rusty iron by going aground off the Spanish coast. The excuse offered is that the Spanish charts, by which the vessel was being navigated, were defective, but American naval officers ramble about in less frequented waters without losing ships.

The "Sons of the Revolution" in New York recently set a good example to patriotic souls everywhere by preparing tablets of enduring bronze, to be placed at buildings and sites made memorable during the Revolutionary War. The saving of all historic buildings is too much to be hoped for in most localities; as to the erection of monuments, no one who has taken part in the effort to raise money for a single one cares to try it a second time. But tablets with appropriate inscriptions, and even emblematic decorations, are cheap, and there are many places in all the States and Territories where they might be placed for the information and inspiring of posterity.

An interesting possibility of the international yacht race, which seems certain to occur next year, is that the America's Cup may be defended by a New York yacht. Heretofore, during the last three races, Yankees have done all the work and earned all the honors. At present, however, at least three New Yorkers, who have plenty of cash and salt-water sense, are building or intending to build sloops with a view to disappointing Lord Dunraven. This is as it should be—and should long ago have been. On the general subject of yacht-racing nothing ever written is manlier and better than Lord Dunraven's article, just published in the *North American Review*. Although the subject does not interest everyone, the fact remains that yachting is the one great outdoor sport (after football) that is independent of jockeying, professionalism and other curses of many manly diversions; it also demands a combination of fine qualities of blood, brawn and brain for periods so long that only men who are thoroughbreds can win distinction at it. The author's plea is for more incentive to great contests between big yachts—vessels that are fit to go to sea and hold their own, instead of running for a harbor as soon as the water begins to be rough. He declares that money prizes will not answer the purpose, for the men who own such boats generally are rich enough to be above greed for any amount of cash that might be staked. He thinks there should be a "blue ribbon of the sea," and plainly indicates that the America's Cup would fully answer the purpose. A man need never have seen a yacht or smelled salt water to read the article with hearty interest, and with the hope that no year may pass without a race, no matter if the historic cup may have to spend a lot of time in crossing and recrossing the Atlantic.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Mrs. BERNARD-BEERS made an almost fatal mistake in selecting for her metropolitan debut at the Manhattan Opera House such a talky and weak part as *Lena Despard*, and following it with another equally indifferent *Ariane*, and had she not appeared as *Adrienne Lecouvreur* she would not have left a favorable impression or borne out the reputation as a strong and artistic actress that she has achieved by years of effective work in London. Her *Adrienne* is a finished and strong personation, and it is to be regretted that she did not select it for her opening. Had she done so she would undoubtedly have attained artistic recognition, if not popularity. The first week she was indisposed and did not do herself justice as *Lena Despard*, the inevitable comparison with Mrs. Langtry in the character being in the latter's favor, especially as she appeared in a better dramatization; as *Ariane* she gave a well-conceived and executed personation of Mrs. Campbell's heroine, but the play was not worthy.

Mr. Bronson Howard gave a dinner last Winter at the Lotos Club to the veteran dramatist, the late Charles Gayler, and in his speech on the occasion suggested the organization of the American Dramatists Society, which was soon thereafter founded at a supper he gave for the purpose. The American Dramatists Society meets monthly at a supper at a popular restaurant, and there is generally a good attendance. At the last gathering I learned that Henry Guy Carleton is writing a comedy for John Drew; that Charles Barnard is writing a new play for Burgess for next season; that William H. Gillette is hard at work on his adaptation of "Ninety-six Days from Date"; that E. E. Kidder has written a new play, "Glendalough"; that Gratton Connelly is at work on a comedy for Corinne; that Scott Marble is engaged on a drama for Miss Agnes Herndon; that Clay Greene is completing "New South," and that Augustus Thomas is preparing for a new comedy.

John Stetson, after preliminary production in the provinces, will produce Willie Seymour's adaptation of "Le Demi-Monde," at the Globe Theater, Boston, December 12th, under the title of "The Crust of Society." The cast comprises Joseph Haworth, Henry St. Maur, J. Frank Sherry, Cuyler Hastings, David Elmer, Joseph Foster, Carrie Turner, Helen Kinnard, Jane Stuart, Edith Proctor.

The scenes in the new comedy by David Belasco and Franklin Fyles, that will inaugurate the Empire Theater in January, are laid in Montana and Washington. Belasco is a most fertile inventor of incidents and situations, and he is to be congratulated on securing such an able collaborator as Mr. Fyles.

Sydney Rosenfeld's adaptation of "Imagination," produced in this city last Winter, will follow "Little Tuppitt" at Herrmann's Theater in January.

"Baroness" Blanc has again changed managers. She has secured the services of Mr. John W. Hamilton, who retires from the business management of the Fifth Avenue Theater. It is whispered that Manager Miner is interested in the venture, which may account for the engagement of his able lieutenant. "Baroness" Blanc will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theater in January.

Harrigan's Theater has been crowded since the revival of "Mulligan's Guard Ball," and again all the catchy airs are whistled on the streets. It is Mr. Harrigan's intention to revive the Mulligan series, though it is likely the "Guard Ball" will hold the boards the rest of the season, with Harrigan, Mrs. Yeamans, John Wild and Harry Fisher in their original characters, and Dan Collier, Charles Coffee in the parts formerly played by the late Tony Hart and Michael Bradley; the performance is thoroughly enjoyable. Miss Ada Lewis gives additional evidence of ability in the role of Kitty Lockmuller.

Manager Comstock, of Niblo's Garden, has decided to give a monthly free morning performance for the edification of poor children. He opens his doors and invites all to come. The initial performance the other morning attracted a multitude of juveniles, who enjoyed, as only children can, a presentation of Dr. Carver's Wild West show.

Mr. James Corbett proudly avers that he is more interested in his development as an actor than in his career as the champion heavy weight, and believes that in time he will become a recognized professional. He attracted crowded houses during his engagement in this city. A syndicate will build for him Corbett's World Theater, in Chicago, on the corner of Fifty-fifth street and East Side avenue, and he will appear there from May 1st to October 31st.

Lola Fuller has created a furore in her serpentine dance at the Folies Bergere, Paris, receiving half a dozen encores every night.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault has purchased from Cora Tanner her comedy of "Husband and Wife," produced last season at the Garden Theater, and will star under the management of Messrs. Fitzgerald & Tutthill.

The Lillian Russell Opera Company will soon succeed the Bostonians at the Garden Theater, appearing in Gilbert & Sullivan's "Mousetrap."

Probably these lines will be read by the majority of my readers. De Mille's play of "The Lost Paradise," an adaptation, by the way, from the German—will be produced at the Adelphi Theater, London, where the indefatigable Charles Frohman will present a series of American successes. Mr. Charles Warner, a good all-round actor, will be the character created here by William Morris. Frohman has gone so far toward Americanizing the London players that he will use all his American pictorial printing in advertising "The Lost Paradise." Some years ago, when the late John G. Owens appeared in London in his great character of *Satanstoe*, Clifton W. Taylure, his manager, placarded the mammoth portrait of him in the part prepared here by the Metropolitan Job Office. The cockneys thought Owens was a giant, and their comments on the mammoth picture of the three sheets used to amuse Owens, who found entertainment in following them through the streets and listening to their remarks. The circus style of pictorial printing originated in this country, but is finding favor in England.

Mr. E. S. Willard, at the Star Theater, has followed "The Middleman" with "Judah," in which he gives one of his most finished and interesting personations. "Judah" will be succeeded by "John Needham," and during the engagement "The Cap" and "A Fool's Paradise" will be produced. In the Spring, in Boston, Mr. Willard will appear in two Shakespearean characters. He tells me that he has had the management of a popular London theater offered him, but he has decided to remain in this country for several seasons, as he has added several new plays to his repertory. I may add that the London season has not proved as remunerative to the London managers as anticipated, and it is more than probable that several favorites will seek to come to this country next season.

Offers have been made to Mr. Charles Frohman to present Mr. John Drew at the London Theater in the Spring, but he thinks Chicago will be a more remunerative field next Summer.

John T. Wilson's farcical comedy, "A Society Fad," has been successfully produced at the Bijou Opera House by Russell's Comedians, and is likely to have a run.

Seabrook has been well received at the Manhattan Opera House in "The Isle of Champagne," which bubbles over with good music and fun. In January Mr. Hammerstein will give a season of English opera at this house.

Miss Ada Behan's *Julia* in "The Hunchback," at Daly's, has received much attention from the critics and applause from large audiences. It is a characteristic performance, with many good points.

Augustus Thomas's new play of "Surrender" has been attracting much attention at the Columbia Theater, Boston, and will be seen in this city during the season.

Miss Fanny Davenport has succeeded Mr. G. A. Sothorn at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston. Mansfield followed the Coghlands at the Globe Theater, and attracted attention in "The Scarlet Letter." Unable to buy off Hoyt & Thomas, "1492" has been followed at the Park Theater by "A Temperance Town." "The Babes in the Wood" continues to crowd the Boston Theater.

Eoen Plympton has been engaged to support Miss Mina Gale at the Star Theater.

Miss Minnie Seeligman has been well received in San Francisco in "My Official Wife."

C. F.

MY BOX FROM CHINA.

A LONG residence in New York has made me acquainted with a goodly number of the devious ways of this wicked world. I know the appearance of the street beggar in all his guises, and have often seen the man who wishes to borrow a small amount of money to buy food, or lodging, or a railway ticket, and has lost or mislaid his purse; he is the son or other relative of a friend of mine, and has often heard my name mentioned in terms of the highest esteem. I have met the individual of polished manners who mistakes me for Mr. Blank, of Blankville, "one of our leading merchants," and after apologizing for his error, wishes me to look at a prize he has just won in a lottery. I have also been visited by a pretending namesake in search of another namesake, from whom the stranger might borrow the price of a ticket to Albany or Boston. The list might be extended, but the foregoing must suffice.

The stories that are poured into my ears are always plausible, and I have yielded to enough of them, and found afterward that they were utterly false, to convince me that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. For a decade or so I have considered myself familiar with, and proof against, all the ways in which designing men seek to obtain money under pretenses more or less false—generally more. But quite recently I encountered a new expert in this field of enterprise, and am sure the reader will share my opinion that his ingenuity deserves the honor of publicity.

One day, about a month ago, a stranger presented a card on which was written: "S. M. Crosby, first officer steamship *Glamorgan*, Liverpool, England." Wondering what his business could be I consented to see him and met a medium-sized individual whose garb indicated the mariner, as it included a blue coat of "reefer" pattern and a blue cloth cap. He was bronzed and certainly looked like one who had spent much of his life on the water and had recently been in the tropics for a considerable period. As soon as we met he repeated the declaration on his card, that he was the first officer of the steamship *Glamorgan*, which had recently arrived at Philadelphia from Australian, Japanese and Chinese ports.

"Have you any advices," said he, "of a box from China by our steamer?"

"I have not," I answered.

"There is a box for you on board the *Glamorgan*," he responded, "which was taken on at Shanghai or Hong Kong, I am not sure which. It contains Chinese and Japanese curios to the value of about three hundred dollars. It is addressed to you at New York City, but there is no street or avenue named, only New York. We have been inquiring, and you are the only man of the name to be found in the city. We presume it is for you, as there is the word 'author' upon the box in addition to your name, and I'm told that you are an author. We want to be quite sure of your identity and that the box is for you, as it is a valuable one."

I replied that I was the only individual in the city of exactly that name, and my profession was that of authorship, but I certainly knew of no box on its way to me.

"It is strange you have no advices concerning it," said Crosby, "but after all it may not be so strange. I understand it is intended for a Christmas present, and perhaps the party who sent it wanted to surprise you. Quite likely you will find a letter in the box that will tell who it's from. There's no freight to pay on it; it was put on board by our own agents either in Hong Kong or Shanghai for some friends of theirs. The agents explained that

it was a Christmas present, and said they told the sender there would be no charge for freight. It came in the hands of the captain, and was not put on the steamer's manifest."

"I am very much obliged to the captain of your steamship and to your agents," I answered, "and also obliged to my unknown benefactor. When I receive the box I certainly hope to know more about it."

Then the conversation turned upon the steamer's voyage, which my visitor said had been quite eventful, as at one time they had a good chance to go to Davy Jones's locker. "We caught a pampéro off Madrina



HE REPEATED THE DECLARATION ON HIS CARD, THAT HE WAS THE FIRST OFFICER OF THE STEAMSHIP "GLAMORGAN."

Point," said he, "that blew away every sail and destroyed four of our boats. We were sailing along as nice as you please when bang came that pampéro like a shot from a cannon. Every rag of canvas we had out was swept away like the snapping of your finger, and the boats went smashing into splinters."

"About as bad as a typhoon," I remarked.

"A typhoon!" he exclaimed; "why, it was worse while it lasted; worse than a typhoon or a West India hurricane. Luckily it didn't stay more than ten minutes or we and your box would have been at the bottom."

Then he mentioned other incidents of the voyage, rattled off with great glibness the names of their stopping-places and referred to little peculiarities of some of the ports of the far East, which certainly seemed to show an acquaintance with them. He mentioned, in the most casual manner, that while coming out of the Ly-ee-moon passage of Hong Kong Harbor they narrowly escaped collision with a French steamer which was just going in, and he spoke of an incident of their stay at the Tanjong-Pagar docks at Singapore. We talked about Marryat's novels, Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," and other nautical narratives, with which he seemed entirely familiar. His conversation was fairly dotted with marine terms, but less so than the talk of the sailor as the dramatists usually present him on the stage.

He chatted on with great ease, and for a time had me quite off my guard. Then it occurred to me that his manner was decidedly more jaunty and free than that of the first officers or even the captains of tramp steamers under the English flag. His accent was not specifically British, and his manner of twirling an envelope, which I had given him to show my full name and address, was that of a man more accustomed to the handling of papers than of one in his purported position. A suspicion arose in my mind that he was not all his fancy and statements painted him, and while he was talking so engagingly I endeavored to "take him in." But I could not imagine what his object was, assuming that he was a counterfeit, inasmuch as he had distinctly stated that there were no charges for freight; he also said there were no custom house duties, the officials at Philadelphia having consented that the contents of the box, being intended as a present, might enter the United States free of charge as though they were for the Metropolitan Museum of Art or other public institution.

Fifteen or twenty minutes passed

in general talk, and then there came a slight lull in the conversation. I changed my position in my chair in the endeavor to hint that it was about time to bring the interview to an end; he took the hint and rose to go, remarking, as he did so, that he would send the box by express that very afternoon. He was returning to Philadelphia at once, having run over to New York for some custom house and other business, and I would be in possession of my curios the next morning. I thanked him and tendered a cigar, which he accepted unhesitatingly. My suspicion that he was an impostor had been pretty thoroughly dispelled by the knowledge he had displayed of Asiatic ports and waters and of marine life in general, and by the absence of any request for money.

As we neared the door leading from the parlor to the hall, he suddenly stopped and said:

"Oh, by the way, I told you there were no charges on the box. I forgot the wharf charges at Philadelphia; that is all you'll have to pay."

"Indeed!" I answered, my suspicion returning.

"How much are those charges?"

"Two dollars and sixteen cents," he answered.

"Ah!" I said, "that's a mere trifle. Have you a bill for them?"

"Oh, no, I have no bill; the purser pays those charges to the wharfman and asked me to collect the amount from you, if I saw you."

"Certainly," I answered. "Just let that come as a 'collect' charge with the box."

"We couldn't do that," he said, "because we sail tomorrow morning."

"In that case," I suggested, "let your consignees in Philadelphia pay the amount, send me the bill and I will remit. They will be entirely safe, as they can hold the box for security until they receive the money."

"Certainly, we can do that," he replied, quickly, "though, really, they have nothing to do with the wharf charges, which are settled by the purser, as I just told you. It will make a little bother for them, but we'll leave it that way if you prefer it."

Here was a blow to my suspicions; the man was ready to comply with my suggestion even though it might be a trouble to the consignees.

I expected that he would want to borrow the price of his fare to Philadelphia, and was ready with my answer in case he should do so. But he had done nothing of the sort, and, as for the wharf charges, I was somehow in a position in which the light did not shine favorably on me. Here was a valuable present for me from some friend or friends on the other side of the world; the *Glamorgan* had brought it through the perils of a long ocean voyage and made no charge for the service; the custom house had admitted the box free of duty, thus treating me with marked distinction; the steamer's officer had sought me out to make sure of my identity; and here was I ready to put the *Glamorgan's* consignees to trouble rather than part with a paltry two dollars and sixteen cents!

But still my suspicion would not go down and I delayed parting with the sum of money in question. So I said to my visitor, whose hand was actually touching the knob of the door:

"Will you kindly show me some documents to prove your identity?"

"Have you any doubt about it?" he asked, with a smile.

"Oh, we won't enter into a discussion on that point," I answered; "but I have long adopted a rule not to accept the statement of any man as to his identity, when the payment of money to him hinges upon it, unless I have some corroborative evidence."

"That's quite right," was the reply, as the hand of the stranger moved toward the breast-pocket of his coat. "You can't expect a man to carry his commission with him all the time, but perhaps these will do."

He handed to me two letters addressed to himself in his official character, and a document that appeared to be the manifest of the steamship *Glamorgan*. One letter had not passed through the mails and was directed: "On Board"; the other bore the postmarks of Liverpool and New York, having been sent by mail from the former to the latter place and marked: "To be called for."

My suspicions were gone now, and I returned the papers and proceeded to pay the two dollars and sixteen cents necessary for wharf charges. Mr. Crosby volunteered to give me a receipt for the money and I still hold it. It is written in a clear, clerical hand and is all that I have to show for my outlay of the amount named together with one cigar, half an hour of time, and the same period of mental perturbation. There is a steamship *Glamorgan*, but she was not in any American port at the time of the occurrence that I have narrated, and my visitor was not her first officer. Since the door closed upon his nautical form he has not communicated with me, and I am still waiting for my box from China.

THOMAS W. KNOX.

FOR THROAT AND LUNG

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bronchitis, la grippe,
and croup, it is

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A WONDERFUL CAREER.

By the death of Jay Gould, the most conspicuous financial figure in America disappears. There are several men in this country whose wealth is greater, but they have not attained anything like the prominence that Mr. Gould reached. It may truthfully be said that Mr. Gould's money was accumulated by his own efforts. His methods were not always creditable, and, in fact, on one occasion were so irregular as to put his personal liberty in jeopardy. Those who know anything at all of his life are aware that he was a son of a farmer in moderate circumstances in the Catskill Mountains. When he was born, the country was so wild that the Indians roamed the region round about his home, and were still a source of considerable anxiety to the white residents. His start in life was as a surveyor, and the first whole dollar that he possessed was earned by making a noon-mark on the steps of a farmer's house in Sullivan County.

By writing a history of Rockland County, his native region, he may be said to have got his start in life, for he earned enough out of the work to leave home and seek independence. In making his way down into Pennsylvania, he found employment in a tannery. Here his business instincts developed in a striking way. It was a comparatively short time before he was half owner in the tannery. Trouble arose in the partnership. He made up his mind to have the entire property, and, rallying a force of railroad men, he actually took it by force of arms. A subsequent sale of the property yielded him several thousand dollars, and he cast about for another opportunity, which he found as the superintendent of a little railroad in the northern part of New York. In a comparatively short time he was in absolute control of the road by ownership of the stock. It was while directing the affairs of this road that he became acquainted with Russell Sage, who was, from that time forward, his most intimate and trusted business associate. Mr. Sage was then the owner of a large grocery in Troy and a director in a bank. Though considered well-to-do in the community in which he lived, his fortune did not exceed \$100,000.

Mr. Gould became prominent in Wall Street affairs when he appeared as the dominating power in the Erie Railway. His connection with that road marked the most stirring period in his always turbulent life. But for his flight with his associate, Colonel Jim Fisk, to Jersey City, so as to be out of the jurisdiction of the New York State authorities, he would undoubtedly have been arrested and locked up. Whether he would have been convicted of an offense that entailed imprisonment is, of course, difficult to say. He always believed in the use of money to accomplish ends, and there is no doubt cash would have been freely used to corrupt judge and jury, if such a thing were possible. The accusation against Mr. Gould was the illegal issuing of Erie Railway securities. The fact that he made restitution was always considered evidence that the charge against him had foundation, but he claimed that it was a trick to "boom" the stock, and that he made twice as much money as he saved up.

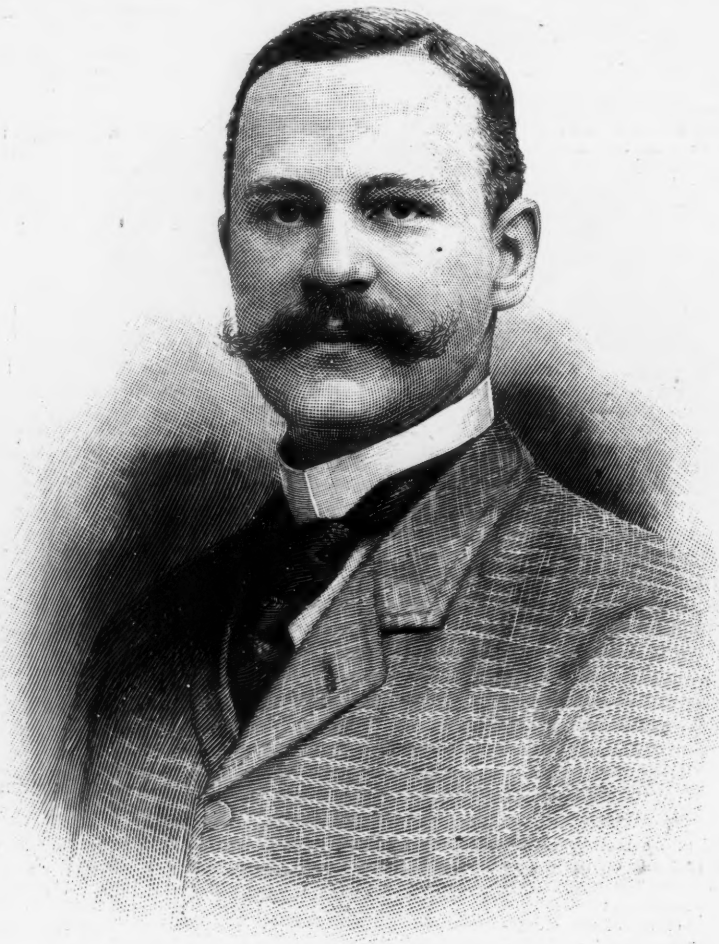
The next event of importance in Mr. Gould's career was when he organized the American Union Telegraph Company, and cut rates so badly that William H. Vanderbilt was glad to sell to him the controlling interest in the Western Union Telegraph Company. By issuing new Western Union stock to take up the American Union stock, Mr. Gould was actually put in possession of a majority holding in the Western Union Company. The desire to be a railroad owner was still strong upon him, and it was not long before he was the directing spirit in the Wabash Road, and in what is now the Missouri Pacific. He subsequently relinquished the Wabash, but retained the Missouri Pacific, and by adding lines to it made it one of the greatest railway systems in America.

His last great achievement was when he acquired the elevated railway system of New York City. The way he went about it was in keeping with his previous experiences. He formed an operating company known as the Manhattan Railway Company. The companies which operated the elevated roads were the New York, which owned the Third and Ninth avenue lines, and the Metropolitan, which owned the Sixth and Second avenue lines. Cyrus W. Field controlled the New York lines, and Mr. Gould affected an arrangement with him whereby those lines were leased to the Manhattan Company. Subsequently Mr. Gould secured a lease of the Metropolitan line to the Manhattan. The capital of the Manhattan Company was \$13,000,000, which was exactly the same as the combined capital of the New York and the Metropolitan Companies. The capital of the Manhattan was absolutely water. It owned no property whatever. In the course of time Mr. Gould presented a proposition for the Manhattan to issue \$13,000,000 more of capital, and to exchange the extra stock, share for share, for the stock of the New York and the Metropolitan Companies. Mr. Field turned over the New York Company, but a long legal fight was necessary to get possession of the Metropolitan. Mr. Gould finally succeeded, however, and practically put \$13,000,000 in his pocket as a result of the deal. "On paper," or, in other words, at present market values, Mr. Gould's belongings in stocks and bonds foot up \$75,000,000. Mr. Gould was thirty-two years old when he appeared as the ruling spirit in the Erie Railway, and he was then worth not over \$250,000. He was fifty-six when he died, so that his great wealth was rolled up in twenty-four years.

No two estimates agree as to the amount of Mr. Gould's fortune. The most conservative figures place it at \$60,000,000. His known holdings of securities were about as follows: Twenty-two millions par value of Western Union Telegraph, which at present prices would fetch about \$18,700,000; \$10,000,000 par value of Missouri Pacific, which is now worth in the market \$5,500,000. He was supposed to hold in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000, probably more, of Manhattan Railway stock, worth \$10,400,000. Excellent

information is that he also held about one-third of the bonds issued on the Missouri Pacific system, which would be about \$30,000,000.

His estate holds over \$12,000,000 of Wabash Railway stock, which shows a loss of between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000. As long ago as 1884 Mr. Gould was known to hold about \$3,000,000 of first-class railway mortgage bonds upon roads other than those controlled or managed by him. Besides these items he had large investments in a great number of properties concerning which the general public knows little or nothing. His holdings of Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific bonds, which have never been stated, must be large,



GEORGE JAY GOULD,
Successor and principal heir to the Gould millions.

but it is not believed that he owned of late years much, if any, Union Pacific stock.

From the foregoing figures, which are approximately correct, it is easy to figure up in the neighborhood of \$75,000,000. Of late years his fortune has increased rapidly, owing to his enormous income from his holdings of Western Union and Manhattan stock, to say nothing of his investments in bonds. His income from these three sources alone cannot have fallen under \$3,000,000 a year, and has probably exceeded that amount.

As a speculator in the stock market, Mr. Gould was not the success that he was generally credited with being. His speculations in stock, taken all together, resulted in losses. His money was made by securing possession of railroads and other corporations and making extra issues of securities, the bulk of which went to himself. He was, nevertheless, the greatest power Wall Street had ever known from the moment he entered it as a director of Erie's affairs. He made it a point to acquire interests in all the important properties represented on the Stock Exchange, so that he might be familiar with their affairs. The knowledge thus obtained was of immense value to him in protecting his larger interests from the attacks of opponents in the stock market. Operators were afraid of him, because it was in his power to "smash" prices whenever he saw fit, and usually to advance whenever it pleased him. Where Mr. Gould lost money in speculation was in "carrying" large blocks of stock that depreciated in periods of inaction in the market. The absence of a buying demand would make it impossible to dispose of securities at any price. Two or three times he was caught "short" of the market and squeezed. It is a fact that in the panic of 1884 Mr. Gould narrowly escaped the loss of his fortune. He was carrying very large amounts of stock, and was borrowing millions of dollars. When the crash came, demands were made upon him to return the money loaned to him, and he could not respond. His stocks were deposited as collateral for loans, and he was threatened with a foreclosure of them—or to use a Wall Street expression—the "selling out" of the loans. He had under serious consideration the making of an assignment. It is said that his eldest son, George J. Gould, his principal heir, advised that course. Mr. Sage, however, told him to "wait." He did so, and succeeded in pulling through the crisis.

It is a rather singular coincidence that a majority of the men who were partners of Mr. Gould at different times, or had close business relations with him, sooner or later lost their means. Several committed suicide when they

saw their riches disappear, and blamed Mr. Gould as the cause of their self-destruction.

In business, Mr. Gould was as cold-blooded as it was possible for a man to be, and therein was found the secret of his money-getting. In his domestic relations he was the reverse. His love for his wife, whose death preceded his several years, and for his children, transcended everything else.

Mr. Gould's death was as unexpected to himself as it is to others. He had had "sick spells" for years, but quickly rallied from them. The truth is he was utterly worn out. His busy life had taken all of twenty-five years off his existence. He had planned to leave for Texas at just about the time he drew his last breath (Friday, December 2). His private car was in waiting for him, stocked with every comfort. He calculated to spend some time tramping over the plains of Texas, and thence to proceed to Idaho Springs, where he spent several months in the early part of the year, and derived great benefit to his health.

The death of Mr. Gould will not result in the disintegration of his interests. They will be directed by his eldest son, George J. Gould, who will be aided by the second son, Edwin Gould. These two sons are the only married ones of Mr. Gould's six children. The other children are Helen, Howard, Anna, and Frank Gould. Since 1885, when Mr. Gould retired from the banking and brokerage house of W. E. Connor & Company, George Gould has been his chief reliance in the direction of his affairs. No two men could be more alike than were George Gould and his father. Both had precisely the same manners—in short, in every characteristic were similar.

The Gould millions will be entirely safe in the hands of the young men who will inherit them. A remarkable interview with George J. Gould was printed in ONCE A WEEK of June 21. George Gould is one of the hard working men of New York. There is never a day, unless absent from the city, that he cannot be found at his desk in the big

Western Union Building, in Lower Broadway, with a pile of papers to which he must give consideration. When a boy he was much given to sports, and it was freely predicted by those who knew him that he would never turn out a business man. Their prophecies were wrong, for he has shown in every way qualities equal to his father's.

Jay Gould never had any taste for pleasurable things. He had a steam-yacht, *Atlanta*, built and furnished at a cost of half a million dollars. It was as big as some ocean-going vessels, and required fifty men to run it. He crossed the ocean with it once or twice, and used it in going from his office to his Summer residence, Lyndhurst, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. He grew so tired of the yacht that three years ago he took it out of commission, and for three years it has been awaiting a purchaser in a basin at South Brooklyn.

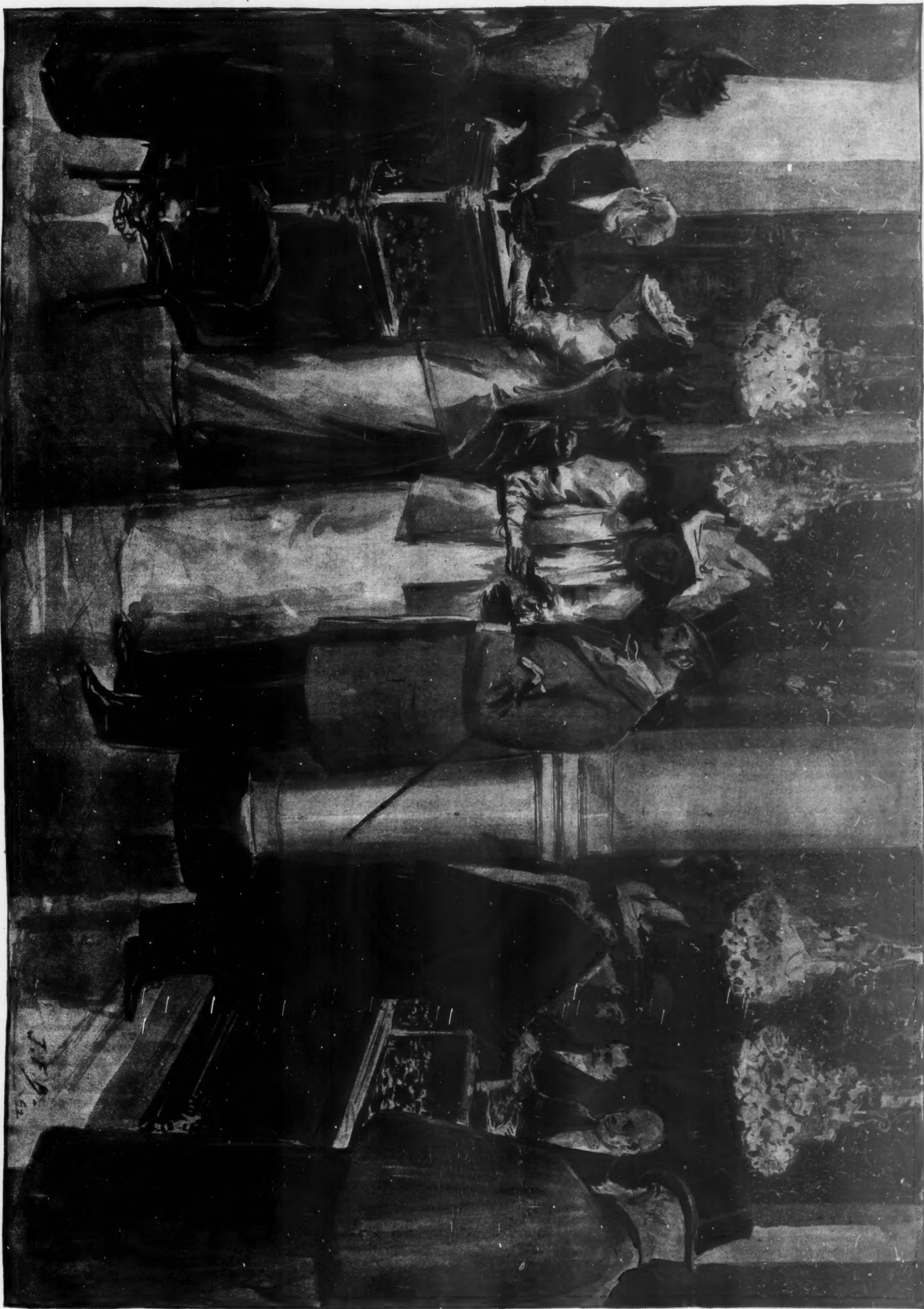
Mr. Gould cared more for his home than for any other place, and he spent all the time there that he was able to. He was a very abstemious man except in one respect: he had an inordinate love for coffee, and would invariably drink three cups of the strongest that could be brewed every morning at breakfast. The doctors used to tell him that coffee drinking would kill him, and it undoubtedly did a great deal to hasten his end. Occasionally, at some dinner where wine was pressed upon him, he would take a sip, but never on any other occasion would he touch stimulants. He abhorred tobacco. He belonged to the West Presbyterian Church, in Forty-second street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and was a regular worshiper.

Mr. Gould was born at Roxbury, Delaware County, on May 27, 1836. His father, John B. Gould, who died on March 7, 1866, was the first male white child born in the organized county. He died, the physicians declare, of pulmonary consumption, after a long illness. He had never rallied after a hemorrhage of the lungs on the day before Thanksgiving. He had another hemorrhage two days later, and still another on Wednesday of last week. This announcement was a surprise to all but the most intimate acquaintances of Mr. Gould. It had all along been supposed that he was suffering from nervous dyspepsia.

From an early hour on the night preceding his death Mr. Gould began sinking rapidly. Dr. Munn, his physician, had Dr. Janeway in consultation, but they said that nothing could be done but make Mr. Gould's last hours as comfortable as possible. Dr. John R. Paxton, the pastor of Mr. Gould's church, was at the house. When the end came, the members of the family who were in the house were: Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould, Miss Helen Gould, Mr. Howard Gould, Mr. Harold Gould, and Miss Annie Gould.

Mr. Gould's body was placed in the magnificent mausoleum in Woodlawn Cemetery, which he erected at an expense of \$200,000 five years ago. The body of Mrs. Gould was the only other one in it.

Thus ends the greatest career that Wall Street has ever known.



THE CHRISTMAS SEASON—BUYING PRESENTS AT THE JEWELER'S.

[Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by J. F. Burns.]

WOMAN—FAIR AND BRIGHT.

THE BECOMING GOWN.

WHY does a woman make the subject of dress a life study? Who does she dress for, anyway? Do you think she does it solely for the benefit of her men friends? Then if you do, and are a woman, I am surprised at your rash conclusion. She—this very general and very wise specimen of femininity—stands before her glass one hour—two hours, if it pleases her—for the all-absorbing purpose of dressing to the envy and admiration of her sisters. Pshaw! A man is no critic at all. It is your women friends and your women rivals especially who are cool-headed enough to judge of your toilet.

To be known as a woman who dresses well means much—very much. It gives a woman standing; but, above all, it gives her self-confidence. I am, therefore, very glad to put you, dear reader, in possession of a few general hints about dress, which, being a woman and having studied the subject anxiously, are thoroughly practical.

If a costume is to charm it should certainly tend to make the most of one's good features and lessen the effect of the bad. And mindful of that, if you please, I will begin with the woman whose temper, it is conceded, needs no mending—the characteristically amiable person whose dresses must always be more ample than she would like them, and whose figure seems to vie with her good-humor. Acknowledged, she is a most difficult—the most difficult—woman to dress so that she will look well and seem to turn her very size into a favorable feature of her charming self. She should never forget that the darker the shade she wears the smaller she will look; that stout persons ought not to use plaids or figured goods, but the very plainest (not necessarily the poorest) materials the market yields; that little or no trimming is becoming, and, if any, it should be of the neatest, closest and most simple kind; that good fit and a length of skirt as full in front and behind as convenience will permit are essential to counterbalance general breadth of figure; that height and grace being the aim, short jackets and fussy wraps should be abolished for the long cloak-mantilla or the full-length Newmarket; that, your arm being large enough of itself, the sleeve you wear need not be wider than comfort necessitates; that the prevailing high collar is only becoming to a long neck; that your own neck will look more slender with a dress cut at the throat in a tiny V-shaped opening, even if you fill it in afterward; that your hair should not be fluffy though dressed high; that your hat or bonnet should be large enough to make your face look small by contrast; and that there is no reason why fat persons should not dress as attractively as lean ones.

To the latter I feel fain to begin by saying, that there is nothing like the common household duties for giving a beautiful roundness to the limbs, and also nothing better than the exercise attending the morning toilet—sponge-bathing and hair-brushing—for developing the bust. Neither is there anything so becoming to slight figures as loose, plentifully draped gowns, after the Grecian, with folds of soft material falling clear from the shoulders to the feet. And, after all, is not this an ideal costume? Trimmings are quite in order with most of your dresses, and the beautiful fashionable laces and pretty feather-edge now in vogue, you will find extremely becoming.

For an outdoor garment the three-quarter length wrap with storm collar, and deep plaits laid in the back from shoulder to waist, will tend to a more ordinary breadth of figure and a greater elegance. *Finish* is the main point for a thin woman to study. The lines of her own figure do not give it to the gown, so it must be supplied by sufficient additional ornament (always, of course, in good taste). The long boas of feathers or fur so generally used this winter are particularly adapted for the use of slim women, since they give a certain enviable expression of comfort to the face, and, against the full sleeve, make an effect at once satisfactory to the wearer and conclusively charming to the beholder. If you dress your hair low in the neck and wear nothing tall in your hat, the consequent becoming relief to your face will complete the artistic outfit in a way that must needs repay you for your care and trouble.

A beautiful, golden-haired woman made a sensation in a European city recently in a dark cloth riding habit which vied with others for general tightness down to and even past the hips, and ended finally in a great swirl of train. But perhaps the real charm came from the dead color of the gown, which threw into greater relief the exquisite fairness of her complexion and the bright gold of her hair. Certain it is that dark shades always enhance the fair beauty of the blonde to a highly picturesque degree, and she is always sure of looking her best in them. Among the more delicate colors none suit her fair, cold beauty like the palest of blues, and she always looks well in fairy white. There is hardly, too, a shade in green that she cannot choose and look pretty in. But she should most studiously avoid (as who of whatever complexion would not?) bright blues, reds and yellows. I always think of a young girl with a head like sunbeams, when fair women are mentioned, who wore one winter holiday-time a dress which any blonde might copy for the drawing-room, sure of its lovely and lovable effect—a plain, black velvet gown cut slightly low and relieved at the throat and wide-sleeved wrists with pure white swan's-down.

Brunettes rarely make a mistake in the colors they wear. Their bright, vivacious fancy hits upon the rich, deep hues that are particularly adapted to their creamy skin. In white they are always charming, in pink even more attractive, since its delicate glow heightens their brilliant coloring, and gives to them all the warmth of

the Southern-born. Dark hair never looks so handsome as when rolled slightly from the forehead and distributed about the head in smooth coils, with a jeweled ornament fastened a little to the left and in front in the evening. If not the ornament, a natural flower, or a tiny artificial spray, if it is of the best make; but no feathers. Drabs and buffs are in excellent keeping with the brunette complexion, as are also the lighter shades of furs.

In trying to dress quietly or with modest taste, don't neglect contrast. The days for the nondescript matching process have gone by. A dull bonnet is almost worse than the tallest feather-tipped, flower-decorated advertisement ever shown in a shop-window. The object of a taking dress is not so much to attract the eye with an unfavorable lightning flash, but to hold it by the harmony and good taste displayed, and make it see a little of the wearer.

Gloves are always best in pretty contrast, unless your costume has already sufficient; but it is considered exquisite taste for Summer and indoor wear to have the boots or slippers match the dress. For this purpose there is nothing so comfortable or so elegant as the soft-dressed calf-skin, which comes in very many shades.

LILLIAN A. NORTH.

DEATH OF MRS. BELMONT.

The death of Mrs. Belmont removes from New York society its acknowledged leader for the last quarter of a



THE LATE MRS. AUGUST BELMONT.

century. She expired after a lingering illness of many weeks.

HOME-MADE BEAD TRIMMINGS.

IN these days of passementerie, bead fringes and gimps used so lavishly on both day and evening gowns, the woman of taste and ingenuity can make her own trimmings and thereby save a small fortune. The handsome jet fringes and gimps cost enormously, and so do the tinsel and metal embroideries. But if you will buy the jet beads by the pound and secure long, thin beading needles and very strong silk, patience and taste will do the rest. Suppose that you wish to make an Empire belt with a deep jet fringe. Purchase a strip of ordinary jet trimming, mount it on stiff muslin and stud it thickly with jet nailheads until it is as heavy and rich-looking as you may desire. Then the fringe. Fasten each long thread of beads separately on the belt, until you have a sufficiently thick fringe. Line the belt with black or colored silk, and you have a handsome ornament which can be worn with any gown. Embroidered velvet yokes and sleeves will freshen up an old gown and make it as good as new. Suppose you have an ancient black gown known to all your friends. Put in a pair of emerald-green velvet sleeves, studded with black nailheads, and make a jet belt studded with emerald beads. Presto! a smart, new costume. Frills for the bottom of dress skirts and flounces on bodices may be edged with narrow velvet ribbon, on which are sewn square jet beads; the effect is charming. A beautiful bodice may be made of pinkish mauve velvet, sewn all over with jet and amethyst beads. The Zouave jackets now so much in vogue lend themselves easily to the art of the embroiderer. Lovely effects are made with gold and silver cords and tiny gilt sequins. White-jet, pale-yellow and pale-green beads make charming fringes and panels for delicate-hued evening gowns.

ODDS AND ENDS OF FANCY WORK.

THE "tidy," as every good housekeeper knows, is quite obsolete, and deservedly so, as it was a nuisance, constantly being dragged off or catching in hairpins. The fashion of draping a chair with a bit of silk or Madras muslin is also passé. Sensible women have come to see that there is no use or beauty in tying bottles with ribbons or draping scarfs of silk over pictures, sofas and

chairs. Head-rests, however, are a comfortable and pretty finish for one's easy-chair. They are simply two very flat, thin cushions, held together by cords or ribbons, and placed over the back of a chair, so that a cushion hangs on either side. To make them, cut two pieces of stiff crinoline of the size required, putting cotton wadding on either side and covering with pretty China silk, plush or any other material. The edges may be finished with a silk cord. The bottom should be bordered with fringe, tiny silk balls or lace.

A knitted petticoat for the baby requires No. 8 needles. Cast on one hundred and ninety stitches. On this knit a depth of nine inches in brioche stitch. This is the first row: Wool forward, slip 1, knit 1. The second and all following rows: Wool forward, slip 1, knit 2 together. If you reverse the stitch and in every alternate row purl 2 together it makes a very pretty variety in the stitch. When the length is finished knit a border for the bottom of the petticoat. Cast on fifteen stitches; knit this in ribs. First row: Plain. Second row: Purl, and increase one in commencing. Third row: Plain, draw the first stitch through the edge of the petticoat. Fourth row: Like the second row. Fifth row: Purl, draw the first stitch through the nest of the petticoat; this row reverses the rib. Continue to work in this manner the whole width of the knitting; then, on the Vandyked edge, work a row of 1 single crochet, 3 Ch., 1 single.

For a baby's vest use No. 10 knitting needles and Shetland wool. Cast on eighty stitches, knit two rows plain, then knit a length of ninety rows on needles in three purl, three plain, always remembering to knit four plain stitches at the commencement and end of each row. If you wish the vest high in the neck, mark the middle of the work and knit to the tenth stitch from the center, turn, knit back, turn, leave thirteen stitches from the center, continue to knit, leaving two stitches less in the center for three more rows, then leave one stitch more toward the center for four rows; after that, knit fifteen rows, keep the stitches on a thread and knit the other side in the same manner. When complete, knit another piece in exactly the same manner and graft the two shoulder pieces together on each side. Sew up the sides, leaving twenty-two little ribs or rows in height for the armhole; round this crochet a small edge, working two patterns at the bottom of the armhole to form a gusset—the edge: 1 DC. on first row, 2 Ch., 2 treble on the third row, 2 Ch., 1 DC. on the next row but one. The same edge is worked round the top.

The fashionable bibs or plastrons are very simply made. About half a yard of soft colored silk, some pretty lace—real, if you have any short lengths available—and a little bit of stiffening for the collar, are all the materials necessary besides needles, cotton, scissors and thimble. The collar is made of a small piece of silk drawn or folded two or three times over the stiffening, and it fastens behind. This will take only a small piece of silk, and if it is fairly wide there will be sufficient to make the bib itself. It is usually nine or ten inches deep, but the prettiest are edged with rather wide lace, so that five or six inches of silk is enough. This must be shaped at the neck before it is gathered, so as to be much shorter on the shoulders than in front; in fact, it is little deeper than the width of the lace when it starts. Of course the bib does not go further round than the center of the sleeve fullness. Any colored silk may be used, or white if preferred.

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It will be found a luxury by both old and young. THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH by their compact arrangement remove the dead cuticle and increase the circulation wonderfully.

The above is what Ladies tell us Bailey's Rubber

COMPLEXION BRUSH

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The brush is all one piece, and as soft as silk. Mailed upon receipt of price, 50 cents. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods. Catalogue mailed Free.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



THE HORSE SHOW FASHIONS.

THE place, after all, to study the fashions is at the annual Horse Show. It is really more of a beauty show, or a display of style, for the horses are quite second in interest to the tempting array in the boxes. At the recent show many hitherto doubtful points were firmly established. One was, that the fashionable skirt grows fuller, and in extreme instances, now measures eight and nine yards, and at the very least, four yards. Another, that velvet sleeves are very much in evidence, every other cloth or silk costume being fitted with them. Then the woman who has not some cape, frill, bertha or bib about her shoulders is decidedly not up to date; that purple, a rich, deep pontifical purple, is the coming color, and that poke bonnets are imminent.



SEEN AT THE HORSE SHOW.

A most beautiful costume was remarked in blue-faced cloth, a lovely and becoming medium shade of blue—made after the Russian blouse style, trimmed with soft dark fur, and having a smart triple cape edged with fur. A three-cornered hat of dark-blue was trimmed with the Nile-green velvet and a huge breast knot of violets completed one of the most attractive costumes seen. The poke bonnets were worn very much as the Salvation lassies wear theirs—far back on the head. Pink and black seemed to be a favorite combination. One very smart poke was of old-rose velvet, lined with black velvet and bordered with narrow black ostrich feather trimming. A big bow of pink and black velvet, a knot of black feathers and a jet buckle, all on the left side, constituted the trimming. Bonnets were tiny, being nothing more than a coronet of lace and flowers or feathers. Hats were worn more than bonnets, and while the latter as a rule had no ties, many of the hats had strings coming from the back and fastening under the chin. A very good illustration of the typical Horse Show hat is given herewith. It was picturesquely big, of a soft olive-green felt crown and brim of green velvet. It was edged with a trimming of narrow green ostrich feathers, cocked up almost in front, had three green feathers, one of which waved aloft like the plume of Henry of Navarre. Then there were ties and cunning little rosettes of narrow brown velvet ribbon, stuck here and there upon the brim.

The contrasts of color and the new trimmings were daring and original. One orange gown had huge sleeves of violet velvet. Shaded and tartan velvet sleeves were seen on many blue and green gowns. As for trimmings—the plain tailor finish was little seen, but row after row of fur, velvet ribbon or glittering passementerie, extending nearly to the knee. One purple gown was trimmed with folds of black satin and the Henri Deux cape was garnished in the same way. Green and black retains its hold on popular favor, and a coat in one of the most prominent boxes illustrated the combination in very smart fashion. It was of a soft, silky black vicuna, and had a wide shoulder frill of emerald-green velvet hemmed with jet, with flaring collar, belt and deep cuffs to match. The jaunty cavalier hat of black velvet was trimmed with one long sweeping green feather. Altogether, my lady looked as if she had just stepped out of an old picture of Roundhead days.

THAT EVENING GOWN.

WHAT is it to be? Are you one of those fortunate women who have but to go forth, give your dressmaker carte blanche and have a half-dozen beautiful confections sent home? Or is the one gown which must do duty for all possible functions of the coming season a serious matter? Perhaps it is last season's frock which must be



"AS IN AN OLD PICTURE."

furbished, and cleaned, and repaired, and comes out looking like a Worth costume. Possibly, in a moment of temporary aberration, you have rashly bought a gown which does not harmonize with your tints of hair and complexion, and you are in despair. Come, then, let us talk it over. Possibly the writer may help you a bit. First, then, as a woman who earns her own gowns and not many of them either, let the oracle say: "Do not run after strange gods. Do not make experiments."

In other words, beware of extreme styles or pronounced colors. Fight very shy of Empire evening gowns, and do not trifle with magenta, or violet, or orange. The Empire gown is only a passing fancy, and on any but a slim, girlish figure is simply appalling. A plump, partridge-like woman is a scarecrow in an Empire gown. The plain, sheath-fitting trained skirt, the pointed or round bodice, huge sleeves and lace bertha are the distinguishing characteristics of the season's modish evening

gown. The sleeveless bodice is passé. The gown in the accompanying illustration shows a good design. It is of buttercup-yellow bengaline, trimmed round the bottom with a deep border of black velvet leaves, appliqued on with jet. This work can be easily done at home. Take the black, embossed velvet you wore as a mantle or gown a few years ago, cut out the flowers or leaves and applique



"A GRATIFYING RESULT."

them upon any light silk evening gown. The result will be gratifying. Put the same work on the bodice. If it is a basque and you wish a round bodice, simply put it on first, bring the skirt up over and wear a pretty sash or belt of folded silk, satin or velvet.

Suppose the evening gown must be the old white silk which you have worn for years, which all your friends know, but which, with a very little outlay, must do duty again. You can stripe it from head to heel with narrow lines of black jet, set about an inch from each other; this is not expensive and would sufficiently hide all the defects. Or you may use black net with a pin spot upon it, and trim round the hem with three or five rows of black satin ribbon. Put in huge black velvet sleeves. Or put a broad band of electric-blue velvet about the bottom and have sleeves and a bodice trimming of the same color.

If you wish a smart, durable and pretty black evening gown, one of black silk is recommended. Have a plain, rather full skirt, with a short train, edged all round with a small frill of silk, headed by a narrow band of jetted passementerie. Do not have any color on the skirt at all, but have a low bodice with a draped bertha of pink velvet, back and front, and full pink velvet sleeves. This should be a very smart gown. Or pale-blue velvet may be used with equal success. If it is an old yellow silk, which must be renovated, drape it with one of those pretty black grenadines, with small bouquets of colored



"SUITABLE FOR DANCING SCHOOL."

flowers, choosing one in which yellow and green predominate. Have a deep belt of black satin and large black satin sleeves to the elbow. Any color may be treated in the same way. If you have selected a material whose tint is not becoming, put with it a color which you have satisfactorily tried and see that it comes next your face. As an illustration: a woman was presented with a piece of dull, maize-colored crape, brought by some friends from Japan. She tried it by gaslight, and groaned in horror, for that particular tone made her sallow and haggard. She sat down and thought, and evolved a daring scheme. Pink was vastly becoming to her, she knew. Why not put pink with it? Pink and yellow! It was hazardous, but remembering how beautifully pink and yellow flowers harmonize, she decided to risk it. So her yellow crape was made up over pink silk, and there was a bodice trimming and puffed sleeves of pink velvet. Madame carried pink and yellow roses tied with pink ribbons, wore pale-tan gloves, pink stockings and slip-

pers, and everybody applauded. Do not, then, be daunted by vexing dress problems, but ponder, attack them and turn seeming defeat into victory.

AFTERNOON HOUSE FROCKS.

THE writer calling upon a pretty woman the other afternoon found her in a remarkably smart gown which



"WHICH SHE WORE FOR THE FIRST TIME."

she was wearing for the first time. It was a curious frock, too, yet revealing method in the madness of fashion for combining two or three colors. The bodice was plain, as close-fitting as a jersey and made of an exquisite shade of old-rose cloth, while round the neck were shaped bands of black satin studded with jet and outlined with black and gold braid. The sleeves were of black watered silk of the old-fashioned kind, and the skirt was of pale-gray cloth, bordered round the hips and the hem by the black satin trimming studded with jet and outlined with gold braid. Pale-tan and brown and black would be an effective combination, handled in this way; violet, black and gray would be another. Cloth is greatly in favor for house gowns, and there is a revival of cashmere, which is very effective for this purpose. It is well to have pretty, stylish gowns for house wear, as it ruins a street costume to lounge about in it indoors. There is no more comfortable nor picturesque house dress for young girls than a black serge skirt, made with a fair amount of fullness at the back, and an old-rose shot glacé silk blouse, with full sleeves and a carelessly folded belt, finished with a rosette at the side.

For girls' school dresses there are no more desirable or durable materials than twilled serges and mixed chevrons. These may be trimmed with velvet, silk or rows of wool braid. These gowns are made usually in some variety of the jacket form. The bodice is made in blouse fashion, quite soft and full, over which some modification of the Eton, Zouave or Mikado jacket is worn. The latter is a jacket split up the back and rounded in front. Gay plaid wools combined with plain twilled goods are also greatly in favor for girls' wear, both at home and abroad. For elaborate wear there are charming frocks of India brocade in delicate hues. These are made up with short, shirred bodices, Empire sleeves and slightly low necks. The beautiful gown shown in the illustration is of white surah elaborately trimmed with fine embroidery. It is suitable for dancing school, children's functions or any ceremonious occasion.

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THE B. & O. Co. now operates a complete service of fast Express trains direct from New York to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers are run through from New York to the three cities named, without change or transfer.

The fastest trains in America run via B. & O. R. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and all the trains are equipped with Pullman, Buffet, Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. in the last two years, and its present train service is equal to any in the land. In addition to its attractions in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, all B. & O. trains between the East and West run via Washington.

FOR upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON WYANT, N. A.

In the recent death of Alexander H. Wyant, American art suffers the loss of one of its noblest and most individual representatives. As a painter of purely native landscape Mr. Wyant had but one peer—the venerated George Inness. No depicter of indigenous scenic splendors possessed a more wholesome and high-minded regard for the surpassing beauties of American rural life, and



A. H. WYANT.

none labored more zealously in forcing art lovers, at home and abroad, to see and feel the sweet subtleties, the colorful richness and the vast variety of Nature as she is revealed in our own land than did this talented artist. His life was given completely to his art, and the numerous paintings which mark the record of his industry and genius form for posterity a heritage of incalculable worth.

Mr. Wyant had been in feeble health for many months,

SUMMER MORNING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.
[By the late A. H. Wyant.]

so that the news of his death did not come entirely unsuspected to his intimate friends and associates. He died November 30th, in the apartment adjoining his studio in the Young Men's Christian Association Building in New York. His physicians describe the cause of his death as an exhaustion of brain tissue and physical collapse brought on by overwork. No embryo artist striving for renown and its substantial awards ever worked half so hard as did this man of fifty-six years and world-wide fame. A curious incident of the painter's life is that for more than fifteen years he has painted with his left hand. This was brought about originally by a stroke of paralysis affecting his whole right side.

Mr. Wyant was born at Port Washington, O., and studied at Karlsruhe, Germany, under the once celebrated Hans Gude. When Mr. Wyant went abroad he had already attracted some attention as a careful painter of landscapes. He came to New York in 1864 and exhibited his first important picture at the National Academy of Design in the following year. He was a regular member of the academy, the Society of American Artists and the American Water-Color Society at the time of his death.

Mr. Wyant's most important pictures are: "Scene on the Ausable," "A View on Lake George," "A Midsummer Retreat," "Macgillcuddy's Reeks," "The Wilds of the Adirondacks," "Interior of Woods," "An Old Clearing," "Late Afternoon," "A Scene near Westport Harbor," "A Gray Day," "New England Landscape," "A Back Lot—Keene Valley," "Cloudy Weather," "Autumn Evening," "The Last of Summer," "An October Day" and "Near Newport." The last-named canvas is one of seventeen pictures which form a special exhibition of Mr. Wyant's works now being given in Richard's Art Galleries on Fifth avenue, New York. The latest and, in many respects, the finest productions of the dead landscapist are on view in these galleries, and the range and depth of his pictorial powers are very beautifully demonstrated in this interesting collection. A brief description of one or two of these rare landscapes may convey some idea to the reader unfamiliar with Mr. Wyant's paintings of the refined sentiment and masterful touch which form a part of each of his felicitous brush products.

In his picture, "Evening," the soft light of departing day spreads like a veil of gold-gray gauze over the whole landscape. A group of ancient oaks raise their leaf-plumed heads to heaven and glow subduedly against the radiant sky. A small brook tumbles merrily in the foreground and reflects the sun-dyed tints of the brilliant vault above. The painting's exquisite coloring and care-

ful composition form a poet's dream made real in pigments. In "After a Shower," the rain-laden clouds are moving on before the advance of the sinking sun's rich mellowness. Deep tones of color mingle in the foreground, made deeper here and there by passing cloud shadows. In a pool at the right the dim reflection of the rising clouds is caught, and everywhere the heavy moisture of a rain-soaked landscape is as keenly felt as if the scene was Nature's own presentment and not man's ingenious improvement of her mood. It would be vain to declare that we shall have no greater painter of American landscape than was Mr. Wyant. It is safe to say, however, that no man's artistry will quite surpass the opulent brilliancy and tender sentiment of his painterial achievements. Wyant will be a name of lasting honor in the annals of American art.

PERRITON MAXWELL.

THE CHARMED CIRCLE.

ACCESS to London aristocratic society is of course the acme of human bliss. Have not maidens raved for it, poets sung of it, warriors fought all over the globe to reach it, and it is not a notch higher up than the Paris that we are told good Americans go to when they die! But the talisman of the present day is cash, cold cash; wherefore then should we not say—so much cash so much high, refined and aristocratic London society? Think of the happiness there would be in

"Drinking Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's,"

and who would not be willing to exchange easily got American dollars for such extremity of bliss! Once get a foothold there, and they would not inquire, as in Boston, What do you know? as in New York, What are you worth? as in Philadelphia, Who was your grandfather? They are not known to have a pale of Four Hundred or even Eight Hundred. Once there, you are there, and that's an end on't. There is not known to be over it a dictator McAllister who would cause a woman to shake herself out of her kid boots for fear. In that mysterious realm from which a traveler sometimes returns, once in it, you are considered to the manor born; no inconvenient questions are asked; the ancestor of one is supposed to have had himself surrendered at Yorktown, perhaps of another to have landed with Julius Caesar, to say nothing about those that lived in trees in the groves of Dartmoor, and yet this bliss is now within reach of an humble American citizen, or at least his daughter. If you don't believe it, read the following *Herald* ad. Of course, there being nothing commercial about this part of ONCE A WEEK, we omit the address: "If a lady of wealth has an educated and refined daughter who wishes to enter the charmed circles of the highest English, titled aristocracy, and to move amongst persons of rank and eminence, where there are brilliant opportunities, she should send her address, with full particulars, in strict privacy and confidence during next seven days, to Aristocrat—, who will make an appointment to state an uncompromising means of doing so. Unquestionable references given and required."

WELCOME, MOTHER-COUNTRYMEN.

ANNEXATION talk in Canada seems to be mainly a political club with which the Liberals occasionally belabor the Conservatives. The cry is that the present dominant party in the Dominion is making the country so poor and wretched that, for relief, Canada will throw herself one

THE LATE REV. S. W. SCOTT,
Father-in-law of President Harrison.

of these days, weeping and in sore distress, into the arms of her younger but bigger sister, Columbia. And yet, whenever Miss Canada has had a chance to show herself, we have not found her to be of the impulsive, sentimental or humble sort, but invariably a prim, stately, high-headed maiden who would not weep if all the fogs of Nova Scotia and the bitter winds from off Hudson's salted bay assailed her snapping eyes at once.

NOTICE TO CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS.

By a recent decision of the Dominion customs authorities, it becomes necessary for us to wrap the Newspaper and the Library in separate wrappers, as the latter, under the present Canadian tariff law, is subject to duty. We beg the indulgence of our Canadian friends, who will have to pay duty on the Library, until we have everything arranged satisfactorily. In the meantime, it is distinctly understood that the subscription price paid by them covers the duty. Negotiations are on foot which will enable us to pay the duty, in New York, every month in advance. Then everything will run along smoothly as ever.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

December 11—Sunday—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."—Tennyson.

December 12—Monday—

"My duty is to dare all things for a righteous end."—Byron.

December 13—Tuesday—"Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit may make it a pleasure."—Capelle.

December 14—Wednesday—

"First in beauty shall be first in might."—Ben Jonson.

December 15—Thursday—

"Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder."—Hazlitt.

December 16—Friday—

"Never sigh when you can sing."—W. M. Praed.

December 17—Saturday—"To give heartfelt praise to noble actions, is, in some measure, making them our own."—La Rochefoucauld.



HIS GREATEST LOSS.

THOMSON (just after the comet struck the earth)—"Hold on, Robinson, you are going away with my copy of ONCE A WEEK!"

THE NORMANDY FISHER FOLK.



DIEPPE, the fashionable French resort, is even more interesting after the arrival of Autumn than in the height of the Summer season. The "petits chevaux" are stabled for the Winter, and the beach, so recently animated, becomes a lone waste of yellow sand, with the fierce, green waves breaking in great showers of white foam upon it. The tourist continues to come, however—just as he goes to Brighton.

The casino is one of the handsomest structures of the kind on the French coast. Of course, that at Monte Carlo, in the principality of Monaco, on the blue Mediterranean, excels it. The Dieppe casino has a very fine site, lying as it does under the shadow of the great cliffs, on which the ancient chateau, now used as a fortress, stands.

An excellent photograph of the casino is here reproduced. It is a very bright and gay place on Summer evenings. Baccarat and

les petits chevaux are the only gambling games permitted.

The industry for which Dieppe has been, and is still, unrivaled is ivory carving. For centuries she has stood alone in this art, but, like the talent not appreciated at home, this delicate work, which looks as though fairy fingers alone could make it, does not find a ready sale in its own town. Foreign markets and passing tourists absorb its product.

The windows of the principal street present a tempting array of designs of most exquisite finish. Flowers of every variety are cut in ivory, with delicately veined leaves and petals so slight and graceful that they seem to bend like their originals under the faintest breeze. Insects with wings of gossamer lightness—indeed, there seems no limit to the profuse variety of beautiful ornaments carved by these master-hands. But among all this artistic work the most exquisite in workmanship are the carved crucifixes.

To see the most beautiful of these, the cutters should be visited at their shops, for this work is rarely shown in the windows. Carefully unwrapping fold after fold of cotton, the salesman places before you a specimen, pointing out all the exquisite features of the art.

The fish market is the most interesting place in Dieppe. After the return of the fishermen, the catch is spread out on the stone floor of the market, and, as the law directs, is sold at auction. The competition for the best grades, when the catch is small, is often very spirited. Were this system not adopted, the fish-women would tear each other to pieces; but under this beneficent method, decisions are accepted as final by all parties. There are scenes of love there, also. The young fisher-girls welcome the sturdy young sailors in an affectionate way; their blue eyes dance with pleasure as they chat together. The typical sailor lad receives this adoration accoutered in his heavy sea-clothes, top boots, woolen jacket and brown canvas



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEACH AT DIEPPE, SHOWING THE CASINO.

helmet. His reddish-brown face atones for the lack of color in his hair.

Emerging from the market, everything in the outer world seems fishy. The odor remains in one's nostrils. The shrimp-fishers are crying their wares in a neighboring street, and as they draw nearer, their cries become hideous shrieks that can only be compared to the call of the peacock. Presently they make their appearance. They are women of enormous strength, the great muscles standing out on their bare legs. They wear skirts reaching to the knees, a bright scarf over their heads, and across their shoulders carry immense poles around which are twisted their drag-nets. A strange type, these Amazons. One imagines they can have no womanly feelings as they battle for their existence, and yet when seen at home they are found to be dutiful wives and mothers. It is almost impossible to pick one's way along the quay without becoming entangled in a net laid out to dry. Every woman is busy. Some are making neat coils of the fish-lines or mending the nets, while others are employed repairing the rigging of the boats. The tide is slowly going out, leaving the larger boats stuck fast in the mud; when the harbor relapses once more into its slimy sleep, nothing is left but little streams here and there in which the smaller boats float.

It is dinner-time, and many of the sailors are preparing their meal. A bright little fire is built in an iron dish, while above is suspended an iron pot filled with a stew composed of many kinds of fish, potatoes and a few lumps

of fat; this mixture is allowed to cook slowly. In the meantime, the family have arrived. They are going to take dinner on board—mother, father, children and friends. Some have brought loaves of bread with them as their share of the banquet. They climb down to their places and proceed to cut a slice of bread for themselves with their jackknives. The cover of the pot is now raised and a temptingly odorous steam issues forth, making the children grin with expectation. A bottle of wine is poured over the whole as a finishing touch and all help themselves from the general pot.

In the evening, on the quay, the clatter of the wooden shoes is heard as the younger men and women merrily dance beneath the light of the moon, while the elder ones sit on upturned boxes smoking their short, black pipes and gossiping—for the men must hear everything that has happened since they left.

The sailors tell thrilling tales; how they were nearly swept from the deck in the last gale, while their wives watch them with loving eyes, thankful they are safe once more. Some of the men are celebrating their return over the foaming mug in the tavern.

The hearts of the fishermen are light, the "catch" has been a good one.

A few days on shore, and these hardy "toilers of the sea" are ready to renew their perilous labors on the deep. It is an impressive sight to see a fishing fleet, each boat with a fearless crew of fifteen men or more, start for the deep-sea fishing. They usually leave at sunset, or when the tide is in, so that the boats can pass the bar; the fish-wives rush along the quay calling and being called to by the departing sailors. At the ends of the long jetties, that extend far out into the channel, stand crucifixes. The fishermen pass silently between these emblems of their faith, then one by one they break into the boatman's song, the dip of the oar and splash of water on the rocky beach their only accompaniment. Many eyes are watching them as they disappear in the gathering darkness. (How beautifully Pierre Loti has described the lives of the French fisher folk in "The Iceland Fishermen.") Their voices grew fainter and fainter, their sails more shadowy until they fade away in the evening mist, and nothing is heard but the sullen crash of the waves on the shore. Nearly all the women have returned home except one or two lone figures still straining their eyes for another glimpse of the phantom ships. Many families mourn a father, husband or brother who has never returned from their struggle amid storm and darkness to earn them daily bread. Consequently, the departure is always a sad one.

N. C. BROWNELL.

FOUR FUNNY BREAKS.

MRS. HICKS—"I've been reading of a man who was sent to prison for nine years for perjury."

HICKS—"That's nothing; Ananias was struck dead for pleading not guilty."

JIMMY JENKS—"Why do they dress the statues of Washington and Franklin in knee-breeches?"

JENKS—"They used to wear them when they were alive."

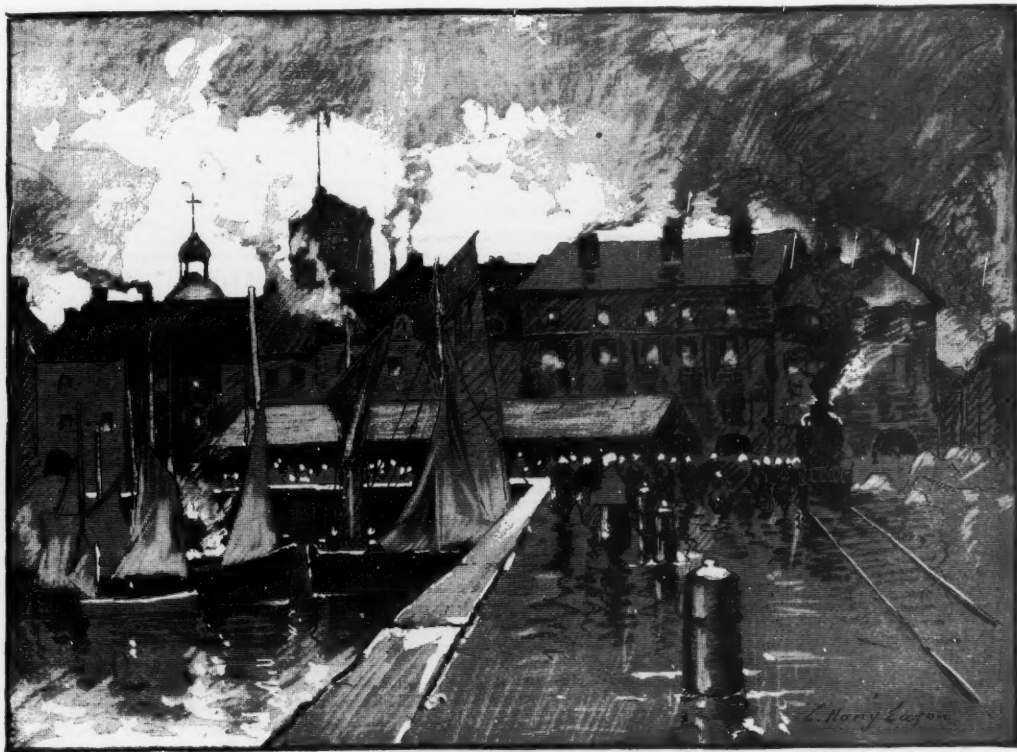
JIMMY JENKS—"Oh, yes; when they rode bicycles."

TEACHER—"How did Daniel differ from the other of the king's subjects?"

DICK HIX—"Lionizing didn't spoil him."

SHE—"Why is it you never discount anything I tell you?"

HE—"I believe in taking a woman at her face value."



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when he, too, would have money and could gratify his every wish.

Since the robbery he lived by begging. He had never seen so much money in his life before, and did not know what to do with it. Fear, too, held its place. Between fear and wonder he was thoroughly disheartened.

He wandered around that whole Summer. I was in the station house when he was arrested for vagrancy. To the sergeant he said:

"Lock me up. I am a burglar. I stole two thousand dollars a year ago."

"The man is crazy," said the sergeant, looking at his rags, "the idea of a man like this having two thousand dollars!"

Later he told us where he had hidden the money in an old barn. We found it under a beam. When the baker came to claim the money, he said:

"Yes, I remember him now. I was giving him a fresh loaf of bread, out of charity, one cold morning. He said he was starving. As soon as I turned my back to go into the bakehouse he rifled my safe and escaped. I did not discover the robbery for several hours. It was in that base way that he rewarded my goodness." As the baker said this he sighed deeply and pressed his hand over his eyes, as though in pain. The rascal spoke a falsehood. But what mattered it?

"Let me go to his cell," said the baker, "and accuse him, face to face."

We all stepped inside and peered through the grates. The beggar was dead there on the stone floor.

J. H. G.

FROM THE PITCAIRN ISLANDS.

A PLACE FOR THE PHILLIPS-HAWTHORNE ARGONAUTS TO GO FOR A GREAT BOOK.

THE full-rigged clipper ship A. J. Fuller came into this port November 14th after a cruise of one hundred and four days from the Golden Gate, and brought with her tidings from a place in the Southern Seas where the flight of years was stopped a hundred years ago. There is no such thing as news in those golden Hesperides which swim in the far Southern Seas. Pitcairn Island and its happy inhabitants, who are descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, have no tales to tell except the simple stories of a placid existence. Their lives flow as peacefully as the soft wind of the tropics blows through the palm-trees of their lonely home. Even death comes only seldom to this happy sea colony. When the ship *Fuller* touched there, there were one hundred and thirty-nine men, women and children on the island, and not a death had occurred among them in six years. These dark-skinned, brawny and intelligent people speak English as well as their English ancestors ever spoke it. They were glad to see strangers and asked intelligent questions about the outside world, but showed no desire to go away from their island. They bartered some fruits, breadfruits, bananas and yams for clothing, but said they had no other wants. Their garb was a modified European one, and the women, who showed their Tahitian ancestry plainly in their faces, were dressed in bright colors.

The story of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, from whom the present inhabitants of Pitcairn Island are descended, is well known. In 1790 the British sloop-of-war *Bounty*, commanded by Captain Bligh, was cruising in the South Seas, when her crew mutinied in consequence of the cruelty of the officers of the ship. They set the officers adrift in small boats and sailed the warship till they sighted Pitcairn Island, when they abandoned the vessel and made for the island in boats. The officers were picked up, and when they told their story in England it spread like wildfire. Another warship went to the South Seas, found the men, took two or three of the ringleaders to England to be hanged, but left the rest of the men on the island. These men induced some Tahitian women to join them and established a colony, which has remained untroubled and peaceful as it was founded ever since. The children as they grew up were taught the language and religion of their fathers from a pocket Bible which one of the sailors had. The descendants have preserved all the traditions of their ancestors, and they are Christians and teach their children to follow their example.

Pitcairn Island is a beautiful place. It is of volcanic origin, about two and one-fourth miles long by one mile wide, and completely covered with luxuriant foliage and verdure. It rises to a height of 1,040 feet above the sea level in the interior, and lies in latitude 25 degrees south and longitude 130 degrees east.

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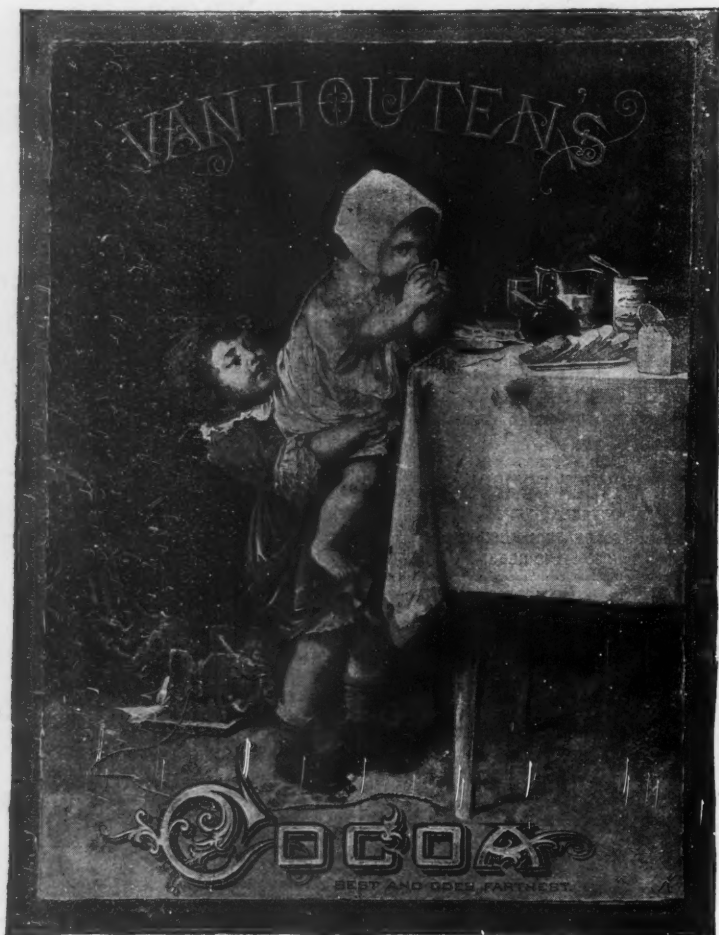
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